Next Month

and later

WHAT ARE TEACHERS WORTH?

Jean Ricochet Boyd

It is currently fashionable to raise the cry that education in our lower schools is poor because the quality of the teachers is poor, and the level of the teachers is low because their pay is insignificant. Here is a man who taught in high schools for five years, who entered his calling with the naïve belief that he was a kind of crusader, full of eagerness and brimming with enthusiasm really to *teach*. He isn't a teacher any more. Five years were more than enough to rob him of those illusions. Education in the lower schools is poor, he says, because the child doesn't want to be educated and because he doesn't *need* to be educated, *while he is a child*. Mr. Boyd recommends attacking the faults of the system from a new angle.

LADIES IN POLITICS

John Gordon Ross

When the nineteenth amendment to our constitution became a law, a school of optimists who spoke in magnificent generalities predicted a peaceful revolution as a result of it. The votes of women, they claimed, would clean up politics. No more boss rule, no more "spoils," no more graft. The ultimate triumph of the feminists! Mr. Ross surveys the results of the ladies' entrance into politics from a point of view some years later, and, alas! he finds that the ladies' influence has been a trifle exaggerated. But he doesn't think they have done much harm.

YOUR NEW HOUSE: 25 CENTS A POUND

Janet Mabie

How would you like to pick up your telephone and say: "This is Mrs. Whoosis. I want you to deliver your five-room house to my lot at the corner of Vine and Arbor Streets tomorrow. Please be prompt, as I am having guests for dinner in the evening." A startling idea. You may find the story and description of the Dymaxion House even more astounding.

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and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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The Book Forum . . . . . *Conducted by* M. M. C. IV

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THE BOOK FORUM

Conducted by M. M. C.

Moscow Skies — Maurice Hindus (Random House, $2.75).
Seven Red Sundays — Ramon J. Sender (Liveright, $2.00).
The Mountain and the Plain — Herbert Gorman (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50).
Drums Along the Mohawk — Walter D. Edmonds (Little, Brown, $2.50).
Jefferson in Power — Claude G. Bowers (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75).
Victoria of England — Edith Sitwell (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50).
That Was Balzac — George Middleton (Random House, $2.00).
Rich Land, Poor Land — Stuart Chase (Whittlesey, $2.50).
Unconventional Ethics — Osias L. Schwartz (Perennial Publications, $3.50).
The Story of Prophecy — Henry James Forman (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00).
A Dictionary of American English, Part I (University of Chicago Press, $4.00).

We have always thought that the modern abolition of hell and the devil was a very great error. But these rationalists never show a sense of human psychology. Hatreds and fears are part of human nature; as long as the devil was there for people to hate and hell was there for people to fear, they didn't have to turn so much fear and hatred on their neighbors. The hatred and fear that are in so many of the books published are simply fantastic. Look at this interesting novel, *Moscow Skies,* by Maurice Hindus. People can turn away in strange hatred and fear from a neighbor because he once made profits out of the labor of a few workpeople and shudder before the word *bourgeois,* while at the same time they can calmly accept decrees which mean ruin and death for whole populations. The bourgeoisie takes the place of the devil; decrees of dictators take the place of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount — *plus ça change, plus c'est la même.*

Maurice Hindus' central character is a young man of Russian parentage, a sympathizer with the Revolution, who goes to Moscow from America, immerses himself in the life of that new world. *Moscow Skies* has not the intensity of the great Russian novels, but it is in their tradition, and we get exactly the same impression about the Russians that we did from the old bourgeois or aristocratic novelists; in short, under the dialectic of materialism, as under czars and icons, the Russians are still sorrowful, frustrated, and full of messianic hope.

So much for a novel of eastern Europe. Now for western Europe. More revolution. *Seven Red Sundays,* by Ramon J. Sender, is about Spain. Here the people also are revolting as hard as they can; in this book, as in Hindus', there is hatred and fear of the "bourgeois," but there is the same talk of "ideology," but there is a difference in the skies and a difference in the past. Instead of the oriental fatalism of the Russians, there is a gaiety and a capacity for happiness in the Spaniards. In the fury against what is heretical, we get a waft of air from the Inquisition. The Revolutionaries are proletarians, all right, and out to liquidate the bourgeoisie and all that bourgeois sentiment that permitted colonels' daughters to be ignorant of the facts of life and wander in gardens and wear pretty frocks. But they don't seem to be communists in the Russian sense at all; they are anarchists or even something with a longer name — anarcho-syndicalists (oh, this craze of mankind for branding itself and its ideas with terrific-sounding nomenclature!). However, the author of *Seven Red Sundays* is a first-rate storyteller, and one sincerely hopes that he will come safely through the Spanish revolution and the subsequent liquidation of anarchists by the syndicalists and the syndicalist by the communists and what's left of all of them by the fascists. There is a wit and fantasy in *Seven Red Sundays* that is badly needed in revolutionary writings.

It is in the nature of all of us to think that present revolutions are bad but that past ones were always good. So we think the American Revolution was noble and the French Revolution grand. The French Revolution had a terror, of course, and a number of harmless people were liquidated. But they did things on rather a small scale in those days, and the days of terror were not so many, and the number of liquidatees would hardly fill a good week's work in Russia or in present-day Spain. Herbert Gorman in *The Mountain and the Plain* has written an interesting novel of revolutionary France around the story of a young American hero and the lovely daughter of a French noble. It is rather pleasant after the Russian and Spanish stories, and the customary sort of plot pleases one. The plottings and escapes, the captures and tumults are exciting and vivid. Herbert Gorman has a power of visualizing scenes and people, and he has a convinced notion that there are people who like to read a book for entertainment as well as people who want to learn how far down the road to destruction the world has got now.

Drums *along the Mohawk,* by Walter D. Edmonds, has its scene laid in northern New York State in 1782. This is revolution again or, rather, the little war after the American Revolution, when the farmers of the Mohawk Valley, cut off from the Continental forces, are attacked by the British and their Indian allies. Whereas in the Spanish and the Russian books ideas or the names of ideas seem to be more important than the men and woman, in *Drums along the Mohawk* the men and women dominate the revolutionary ideas. This novel makes the reader realize vividly the circumstances of the birth of this nation. The fights, though they give drama to the lives of the people, are only part of their daily lives, and they do not dwarf the humanity engaging in them. There is love-making and the birth of children and the clash of personalities. This is a very American book, and, if it had been published before the world was deluged with print, *Drums along the Mohawk* might have had its chance of being an American classic.

Jefferson *in Power,* by Claude G. Bowers, is the history of the two terms of office of the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, that masterpiece of American literature. He deserved to have an exciting time as president of the States he helped bring into being and he had it. Everything happened then: the conspiracy of Aaron Burr, the Louisiana purchase, the killing of Hamilton, seditions, treasons, attempted secessions. Likewise the Supreme Court emerged as a sort of supergovernment. In the midst of it all, Claude Bowers situates Jefferson as the champion of democracy. As well as deserving exciting terms of office, Jefferson deserved a fervid book colored with his own beloved rhetoric, and here he gets it. Claude Bowers is heartily on the side of his hero, and he makes all Jefferson's opponents, except Hamilton, small, yellow-livered, and foxy men. And who, ladies and gentlemen, appears as the foxiest of them all? John Marshall, who invented the Supreme Court! We never knew, before, that Marshall and his Supreme Court were the forms that objections to democracy took in Jeffersonian days. It is a relief to find that this is no debunking biography.

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The Book Forum

EDITH SITWELL in her biography, *Victoria of England*, is no debunker, either, but a wholehearted heroine worshiper. Here we see plainly the Edith Sitwell whom we always saw behind the poems, the pleasant lady-in-waiting to a sovereign, who could have helped in writing court masques, charades, and such diverting pieces for the entertainment of royalty. It is a well-written book about a remarkable woman, whose mind represented the top notch of the highly intelligent commonplace. The Queen seems to have been bourgeois through and through, bourgeois mentally, socially, politically, artistically, and in every other way. A very great contrast to the great Elizabeth. Edith Sitwell tries to make herself up-to-date by putting in a bit about Marx and Engels. But I cannot find a single reference to Darwin in the pages.

IN the period covered by Victoria's reign there were great initiators, great characters in England and great characters all over Europe. One of the greatest of them is the hero of George Middleton's *That Was Balzac*. It is a play in eight episodes and a prologue. How can one strike into the life of the creator of the Human Comedy? Where begin? George Middleton begins ingeniously and dramatically in the studio of Rodin the sculptor, as his great statue of Balzac is about to be unveiled — that was Balzac! And then comes a chronicle play of Balzac's life: his youthful days in Paris; his love affairs, both romantic and sordid; and his death before he was fifty — a crowded and tempestuous life, the life a man has to live if he wants to write a Human Comedy.

AND now we pass from books about people and ideas to one about the dumb earth, the land. The hero of Stuart Chase's *Rich Land, Poor Land* is the territory of the United States. Its beauty and opulence are celebrated, but its injuries — its crying injuries — are also made evident. When we consider the qualities of this book and remember there are actually book reviewers who think that only works of fiction show passion and imagination, we realize what plain ignoramuses write about books. Compared with the passion and imagination in a book like this, the passion and imagination in the average work of fiction are hardly sufficient for the peregrination of a fly up a windowpane.

Stuart Chase rouses us most tremendously over the awful treatment this land has received in the course of a century. Its forests have been destroyed, its rivers unbanked and polluted, its wild life massacred, its soil unloosed. The very soil, indeed, in *Rich Land, Poor Land* is given a personality, so that when it is plowed up and unloosed by unthinking men it gets into a sort of rage and storms its

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

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This last work by one of the foremost authorities on the Constitution was completed after his recent death by the noted editor of *The Nation's Business*. Here the great objectives of the Constitution are contrasted with the realities of today, and the effect of present government policies discussed. $2.00

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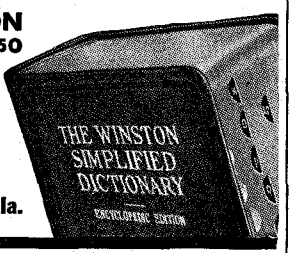

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The Book Forum

vengeance in clouds of dust. This is a grand book by a man who knows what he is talking about, for Stuart Chase's great knowledge of the facts of production and consumption is widely recognized.

IN a world of revolutions we have, of course, a revolution in ethics, and Osias L. Schwartz, the author of *Unconventional Ethics*, lays claim to the honor of "bringing about in the field of ethics the same revolution as has been produced by the Copernican system in astronomy." There is a lot that is very sound in this curious volume, but it is too discursive, and the English used does not seem to be the author's native language. "So long as there is no other way of earning a livelihood than either by working for others or by compelling others to work for us, there is no room for moral progress, there is no room for general happiness." It is a realization of this that gives strength to all the revolutionary movements that are in the world today.

AND we must not, in the middle of the other revolutions, forget the revolution in the word! The magazine *Transition*, which devotes itself to this particular revolution and which was formerly published in Paris, is now published here. It is of great interest to all who are turning

The Book Forum

away from the standardized vocabulary in writing. Why can't some of the writing revolutionaries devote themselves to the revolution in literature? So many of them are so old-fashioned in their work that when reading them we feel back in the period when Victoria was a maiden lady.

AND finally to prophecy. Henry James Forman has written *The Story of Prophecy* "in the life of Mankind from early times to the present day." Beginning with the Greek oracles, he takes us down to the "Mahatma K. H., one of the Masters of Wisdom mentioned by Blavatsky." The odd thing is that, though mankind is fascinated by prophecy, it seldom believes in it. The account that is given here is a trifle discouraging, but the book can be read with interest, the sort of interest that is in some medieval itinerary where the traveler tells us of dragons and phoenixes, unicorns and satyrs. Henry James Forman has not a very critical attitude toward prophecy and prophets; we get the impression that he really does believe that the Great Pyramid expresses some prophecy of cosmic significance and that he probably believes in the lost continent of Atlantis. Still, those people interested in the possibilities of the human mind who read the accounts in past issues of THE FORUM of investigations of such faculties as telepathy will find great absorption in *The Story of Prophecy.*

THE University of Chicago Press has just issued the first of the twenty or twenty-five parts which will eventually compose its *Dictionary of American English.* This appallingly monumental work attempts to give the origin of every word and phrase in the language, from Colonial times on, which has developed any distinctively American usage or connotation. When completed; it should be a bible for the researcher and the passionate lexicographer.

NEWS of New Books

(Courtesy *The Publishers' Weekly*)

And I'd Do It Again, by Aimée Crocker (Coward-McCann, $3.00). Gossipy reminiscences of a California heiress' travel and amatory and marital experiences. In the late 'eighties, she defied tradition and traveled alone in the Orient.

Denmark, the Cooperative Way, by Frederick C. Howe (Coward-McCann, $2.75). Timely book by an expert, describing Denmark's brilliant success with the co-operative movement, which is touted as the answer to the threat of fascism and communism.

The Man Who Caught the Weather and Other Stories, by Bess Streeter Aldrich (Appleton-Century,

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$2.00). Short fiction by a familiar storyteller.

The Roosevelt Family in America, by Bellamy Partridge (Hillman-Curl, $3.00). Historical narrative of the part played by the Roosevelt family in United States history, from Washington's time to the present.

A Genius in the Family, by Hiram Percy Maxim (Harper, $2.00). The noted inventor, whose antics were apt to shock his wife and bewilder his small son, pictured by that son.

The Nine Old Men, by Drew Pearson & Robert S. Allen (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.00). The Supreme Court, by a noted team of writers on capital affairs.

Audubon, by Constance Rourke (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). Lavishly illustrated biography of the famous naturalist, by a recognized authority on Americana.

Cradle of Life, by Louis Adamic (Harper, $2.50). This novel, by the author of *The Native's Return,* is about the illegitimate son of a Hapsburg and has a Croatian setting.

Mr. and Mrs. North, by Richard Lockridge (Stokes, $2.00). The saga of this married couple has already entertained *New Yorker* readers. Illustrations by Helen Hokinson.

The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse, by Ogden Nash (Simon & Schuster, $2.00). The first volume of humorous Nash verse to be written around a central theme — parents and children.

Return of a Heroine, by Marguerite Steen (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). A psychological novel with a "mercy killing" theme.

John Dawn, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Macmillan, $2.50). A four-generation novel of Maine seafarers — the Dawns, who "had a way with ships and women." By the author of *Lost Paradise* and *Strange Holiness,* which won the Pulitzer Poetry Prize this year.

Brandeis, by Alfred Lief (Stackpole, $3.00). The life of the famous liberal Supreme Court justice, by the author of *The Dissenting Opinions of Justice Holmes.* Mr. Lief has worked over three years on the book, in close contact with his subject.

Co-op: A Novel of Living Together, by Upton Sinclair (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). The first novel by this author in several years is a study in social forces. The setting is California, where "forgotten men" organize a co-operative and win over the local businessmen, but are finally frustrated by federal relief agencies.

Letters to an Artist, by Vincent Van Gogh (Viking, $3.50; limited edition, $10.00). Letters by the celebrated painter to a contemporary fellow artist.

Of Lena Geyer, by Marcia Davenport (Scribner, $2.75). Marcia Davenport, daughter of Alma Gluck, wrote a notable biography of Mozart a few years ago. In her first novel she portrays the life of a woman singer of genius.

Time to Kill, by Rearden Conner (Knopf, $2.50). Of two brothers, living among the hopeless and degraded in an Irish seaport slum, one becomes a killer, terrorizing the city. By the author of *Shake Hands with the Devil.*

Bird Alone, by Sean O'Faoláin (Viking, $2.50). In a totally different vein from the author's best seller, *A Nest of Simple Folk.* An intensely personal love story of a young Irishman in the days of Parnell.

Now that April's Here, by Morley Callaghan (Random House, $2.00). A volume of selected short stories, by a careful craftsman in fiction.

The editors of "The Book Forum" believe that a policy of reviewing, or noticing, more *books* at less length *will be of greater value to readers than the reverse. If you find this department of "News of New Books" helpful to you in selecting what to read, or if you have any other comment on "The Book Forum," the editors of "The Book Forum" would greatly appreciate a note from you, in care of* THE FORUM.

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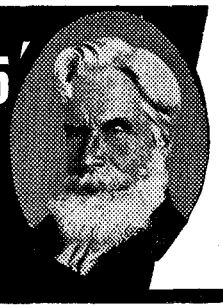

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Humanizing Machines—III

The Endicott Johnson Community

Editorial Foreword

The theory of technological unemployment, that every laborsaving machine automatically diminishes the total opportunity for labor, is confidently denied by many sincere and thoughtful captains of industry. They maintain that on the contrary such a machine adds to the complexity of life. It stimulates the production of new accessory machines; it creates new desires and cravings for a higher standard of living, incites to new activities of leisure: in short multiplies the opportunities for rewarded research and new types of labor.

In a recent letter to The Forum, Mr. C. M. Chester, Chairman of the General Foods Corporation and President of the National Association of Manufacturers, illustrates graphically this optimistic conviction. He cites the threshing machine and the sewing machine as historic examples of the fear, invariably attending the advent of great inventions and improvements, which has subsequently been allayed by a new wave of employment.

Mr. Chester goes on to speak of the motorcar. "It is a classic illustration. Here was a machine that threw out of work many a worker in a wagon or carriage shop, many a blacksmith and harness maker. But it was only temporary. There was an adjustment period; and then we found these dispossessed blacksmiths and carriage makers being summoned by better wages to the new industry; and, as businessmen and engineers improved the automobile and brought it down in price, so that more and more of our people were enabled to enjoy this new product of an industrial democracy, thousands of new jobs were opened up and in many related fields, too, including the oil, tire, glass, paint, steel, road-building, electrical, and many other industries."

How "Temporary"?

This picture of re-employment is, indeed reassuring. The hitch is in the words "temporary" and "adjustment period." At this writing, two million young people, graduated from American schools and colleges, find themselves dispossessed of openings by recent technological efficiency. They are worried about the definition of "temporary" and the length of this "adjustment period." Other destitute millions are being fed and clothed, in the interim, at the public expense. Most of our sanguine captains of industry censure this paternalistic method of caring for the slack. They honestly believe that the fit will somehow survive, if left to their own initiative.

Employers who take this hopeful attitude toward alleged technological unemployment would be in a position to prove their theory if we lived in a democratic society in which each employer held himself personally responsible for the re-employment of those whom he caused

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to be thrown out of work. The adjustment period would not be so cruel and tragic if the employer did not leave all to theory, to chance, to charity, or to government.

There are brilliant exceptions. In the State of New York we have a remarkable example of a corporation, employing 19,000 workers, which for half a century has never had cause to theorize about technological unemployment or to talk about social reform. Intelligent leadership, unconscious ethics, and actual practice have anticipated all the theories of the labor unions and the economists and the promises of fascism and communism. The shoe factories of the Endicott Johnson Corporation and the three happy towns nourished by them on the banks of the Susquehanna River prove that an old-fashioned "personal" business can be made to flourish through the changes of the engineering age.

The best way to appreciate this industrial Utopia is to visit the 29 factories of the Endicott Johnson Corporation and the garden homes and playgrounds which surround them between Binghamton and Endicott, New York. Failing a visit, the next best thing is to read *George F. Johnson and His Industrial Democracy*, by William Inglis. For this industry, in which all the dreams of social workers have been anticipated long ago in practice, is due to the character of one master shoemaker who has always accepted without any fanfare of philosophy the thrift of a pioneer together with the simple economic principles of the Sermon on the Mount. His business for 50 years has been to make better and cheaper shoes, but his profit has been in providing steady jobs and healthy living for his fellow workmen. He has always been their blunt-spoken foreman in as real a sense as though they elected him to the job. He has succeeded in transmitting his natural social instincts to his son and his nephew, who are both fellow workmen as well as managers. The contagion reaches to each of the 19,000 employees, who regards himself as his own manager and member of the team.

Technological unemployment does not exist in this shoemaking community. Long before workers are threatened by new perfected devices, new factories have risen beside the old ones. Rigid precedents went by the board. Formerly shoe factories did not concern themselves with tanning leather. Johnson set up his own tanneries. Shoemakers did not make rubbers. Johnson built his own rubber plants. Shoe factories did not make hospitals or markets or swimming pools or golf courses. Johnson does all of these. There is no aristocracy of golf in this community. The huskiest laster can break his 80 on the En-Joie Health Golf Course. It was not the business of shoe factories to provide carpentry jobs or to see that the houses of their workers were attractive as well as rainproof. Johnson gives easy building loans, provided the homes are beautiful enough to insure health and happiness.

The Johnson shoe factories are the chagrin of labor unions. There is not even a company union on the premises. All that labor unions ask for is axiomatic there. Organizers, of course, from time to time visit the works, but they depart after cheering and parading with the workers. There is no need of a shop committee, because Bill and Mary walk right in to the manager. Mere justice was discarded long ago for love of integrity and the good life. A Russian tanner was once asked what he thought of George F. Johnson. He replied: "He is our friend. He gives good pay, but you must work for it. You see, he is doing for the people what the Soviets think they are going to do."

Profits for Employees

We have all heard about the problem of distribution in industry. Johnson salesmen find their customers before they produce the goods.

We have all heard piecework condemned. But Johnson work is piecework. Each worker is his own happy individualist.

We have all heard about public medicine. Forty doctors provide co-operative medical attention for Johnson workers, and it is chiefly preventive medicine.

We have all heard about unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. Johnson workers are so thrifty that they provide for their old age; if not, Johnson takes care of them.

We have all heard about the impractical dream of dividends for labor. Automatically Johnson profits are divided between bonuses for employees and dividends for the stockholders in this $36,000,000 corporation.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Tariff Protection: an American Necessity

by **ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG**

United States Senator from Michigan

THE FORUM recently presented a defense of the Roosevelt-Hull reciprocal-tariff treaty law by the estimable Frank A. Southard, Jr.,* for whose good purpose I have great respect. THE FORUM asks me to reply. I do so — briefly and without statistical detail. I do so because I profoundly disagree with the fundamental philosophy which Mr. Southard submits; because I emphatically dissent from the long-time low-tariff views of Secretary of State Hull, who, by the way, is one of the most distinguished old-time Democrats in American public life; and because I deeply feel that these Roosevelt-Hull so-called tariff bargains are an affront to the American constitutional system, a menace to permanent American economic advantage, and a persistent threat to American labor, American industry, and American agriculture.

Let us first establish a few general definitions and clear away a few needless misunderstandings.

AMERICA FIRST

I AM A thoroughgoing American "protectionist" who implicitly believes that American wage and living standards, admittedly higher than in any other land on earth, cannot survive progressive disintegration and ultimate disaster except as they are faithfully "protected" — in all competitive situations — by a legitimate tariff which honestly measures the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. The Roosevelt Administration is not a protectionist administration in any such sense. Its tariff "bargains" are under the primary influence of a Secretary of State who throughout his public life has earnestly fought protection and who is as nearly a free trader as may still be found in the United States. He is the ablest living exponent of a low-tariff policy for America. Thus we obviously approach this subject from inevitably different viewpoints, and it would be absurd to deny a certain element of mutual bias as a result. The Southard defense of contemporary "trade treaties," in my judgment, reflects, wittingly or otherwise, the viewpoint of the Hull school, because its eulogies are reserved exclusively for exports and imports, with but passing concern for the great American domestic market which, over the years, is responsible for 93 per cent of our American prosperity. I believe that legitimate protection is more necessary today in America than ever before, (1) because our American costs of production are going constantly higher (owing, among other things, to payroll taxes for social "security"); (2) because foreign costs of production are going constantly lower (owing, among other things, to the foreign use of our methods of mass production and to exports of our American laborsaving machinery. So — let's be frank about it — I am incorrigibly in favor of adequate tariff protection for American labor, capital, industry, and agriculture. I *do* believe in America First — and, if that is provincial, make the most of it.

DREAM BARGAINS

ANOTHER preliminary matter. Every defense of the Roosevelt-Hull treaties proceeds upon the erroneous assumption that none but these tariff bargainers appreciates the importance of exports and imports, that none else would encourage foreign trade. This is self-serving nonsense. I know that foreign trade is important to many American industries and to many American agricultural commodities and

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *"America Self-Contained?" August* FORUM.

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I would realistically encourage it in any and all ways which do not produce a net American loss. Your Southard defense particularly attacks the viewpoints and proposals of Mr. George N. Peek. I remind you that Mr. Peek was President Roosevelt's own personal choice as his own official foreign-trade adviser; that he was President Roosevelt's own personal choice as head of his Export-Import Bank; that he is a great, invincible advocate of more foreign trade for the United States; and that his quarrel (and mine) is not with this laudable objective but with the Roosevelt-Hull formula, which is calculated, in the long view, to do America infinitely more harm than good. Mr. Peek does not disparage increased foreign trade. Neither do I. Mr. Peek disparages a refusal to pursue it realistically. So do I. Mr. Peek declines to hunt it at the cost of jeopardy to our own domestic markets. I join him in this.

Speaking abstractly at this point, the Roosevelt-Wallace economics takes thirty million American farm acres out of production by arbitrary curtailment and public subsidy, while this same Roosevelt economics does nothing to stop the importation of foreign farm commodities representing the production of thirty million foreign acres. That is my idea of foreign trade which we were better off to do without. Meanwhile the Roosevelt cotton economics, by exploded theories of price fixing, actually curtails the prospects for recapturing a vitally necessary foreign market for American cotton. That is my idea of foreign trade which we sadly need and which we may be permanently losing through (1) unsound Roosevelt economics at home and (2) failure to embrace a realistic method of definitely trading ourselves into profitable markets abroad.

So let's not encumber our thinking on this subject with any notion that the critics of the Roosevelt-Hull treaties are blind to the utility of foreign trade which can be profitably pursued. But let's have no mistake about my own conviction that foreign immigration (which is now almost universally opposed) is no more dangerous than foreign importations of competitive commodities below the level of the cost of American production.

Is It a Bluff?

Then, one other preliminary is worth ventilating. Defenders of the Roosevelt-Hull treaties like to imply that those in disagreement with them are nothing more than entrenched devotees of the widely assaulted Smoot-Hawley tariff law (which was made and passed with Democratic votes), in which, by the way, 94 per cent of all rate increases were on commodities of agricultural origin. This begs the question. As a matter of logic and consistency it might be parenthetically observed that, if the Smoot-Hawley tariff really deserves all the Democratic anathema which has been conveniently poured out upon it by Roosevelt orators, it is passing strange that the Roosevelt Administration — although in complete command of all branches of the government for three and one half years — has not repealed a single line of it. Indeed, in only two or three instances have any Smoot-Hawley rates been reduced by executive order, although in other directions this administration freely practices government by executive decree and although the United States Tariff Commission is headed at the moment by a gentleman who has frankly stated to a congressional committee that he believes his function is to do just about whatever the President wants. There is much New Deal activity at the political wailing wall but little or none at the point of productive contact. For myself, I think our great tariff need is an active and courageous Tariff Commission which, with a sympathetic and consistent president, will use the "elastic clause" of existing tariff law to keep our rates continuously as nearly as possible a yardstick that measures the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. That is the American formula.

So much for the preliminaries. Now for the Roosevelt-Hull treaties and the law which authorizes them.

Unlawful Delegation of Power

In the first place, I believe the law itself to be a gross invasion of the Constitution of the United States. If it is, nothing else matters — unless one be a cash-register patriot who ceases to be a constitutionalist at the point where he thinks he sees a personal profit. The law has never gone to the Supreme Court. When it does, the Court will decide. The Court passed the earlier elastic-tariff clause solely because it contained a direct and specific congressional mandate that the Tariff Commission and the president should arrive at rates which

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measure the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. The Court practically said that, in the absence of this fixed rule, the elastic tariff would be an unconstitutional delegation of legislative power to the executive — and *practically every Democratic senator* took (and voted) this precise attitude (namely, that the elastic tariff was unconstitutional), when the elastic clause was passed.

But along came the New Deal! Constitutional scruples, however reasonable (to use the President's own phrase), no longer matter. There is no cost-of-production rule in the tariff-bargain law. There is no rule at all — except that our deeply conscientious swivel-chair internationalists in Washington (and I beg that I be not deemed disrespectful, because I *do* respect their good faith) shall pick and choose which American commodities shall be favored with new export advantages and which shall be jeopardized by new import competition. There is no fixed rule. But the same New Dealers who were perfectly sure that the purely ministerial functions of the elastic tariff would wreck our representative institutions are now amazingly sure that the tariff-bargain law — as wide-open as a typical prairie State — snuggles comfortably and wisely and safely within the boundaries of the Constitution. I do not think so. Neither do some of the best constitutional lawyers in the United States, with whom I have consulted. I mention two among several — the late James F. Beck, former Solicitor General of the Department of Justice of the United States, and Thomas D. Thatcher of New York, also a former Solicitor General. Perhaps it is a horse-and-buggy inhibition, unworthy of too much attention, to put the Constitution first in these considerations. But that is my oath as a senator, and it is my dedication as a citizen.

At the Mercy of Bureaucracy

In the second place — if there be any argument left until this primary challenge is settled — I do not think these distinguished gentlemen in the Roosevelt-Hull State Department, even though they may be sustained by experts of whom as many as 90 per cent wear college degrees (as urged by Mr. Southard), are competent or qualified or entitled to hold the power of life and death over American labor, industry, and agriculture. Suppose their parchment wisdom should go wrong! Suppose their decision to lower an American rate for the benefit of a foreign importer should put the competitive American producer out of business! Mr. Southard's article in The Forum minimizes this possibility and suggests that the hazard at most is small and can't hurt — much. Again, that begs the question. This is still supposed to be a government of laws rather than of men. It is still supposed to be a system which protects the rights of minorities — even a minority of one. Under that system and government, any American farmer or businessman is entitled to his day in court before his livelihood is stricken with what may prove to be a fatal tariff reduction.

No amount of caution or of conscience on the part of the Roosevelt-Hull horse traders can substitute for the citizen's right — the *right* — of self-defense; and no amount of persuasive sophistry can make anything but a perfunctory privilege (although Mr. Southard objects to the word) out of the so-called hearings granted to the American producer under the tariff-bargain law. Oh, yes; he is told in advance that our State Department contemplates a bargain with France, for example; and he is notified (if he happens to hear anything about the matter at all through his newspapers) that, if he thinks his commodity may be one of several thousand in Franco-American trade which might be involved in the bargain, he may appear or file a brief — a shot in the dark — against this anonymous threat. But he never knows what is specifically intended in respect to his particular commodity; he never gets a chance to confront the specific tariff change which is meditated against him by the State Department's metaphysicians; and he never gets any further word until he reads (again in the newspapers) that the State Department has put him down for slaughter. From that verdict there is no appeal. The bureaucrats have spoken. It is the end. These particular treaties require no ratification by Congress (although the Constitution says two thirds of the senators present must concur to complete the treaty process).

I maintain that the provisions for hearing these intended victims or beneficiaries, as the case may be, is not only perfunctory but a travesty on realism. I maintain that no amount of foreign trade (assuming only for the sake of this argument that such accrues) can compen-

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sate for the establishment of a system which puts it in the power of Washington bureaucracy to decide for itself what shall be the destiny of American labor, industry, and agriculture. I maintain that such a system is not calculated, in the long view, to produce advantage for even its chosen favorites — because America stands or falls as a composite whole and because the right of survival is one of those inalienable human rights which no isolated dictators can justly control in a land of free enterprise.

To the American businessman who may be applauding these bargains because he happens fortuitously to be one of their transient beneficiaries and who selfishly and nearsightedly declines to be patient with those of his less fortunate fellow citizens who deem themselves menaced by their present or prospective terms, I am content to quote a warning from the old *Federalist* papers: "No man can be sure that he may not be tomorrow the victim of a spirit of injustice by which he may be a gainer today."

It is not to be overlooked that the existence of this uncharted and unlimited executive authority summarily to alter tariff rates within a 50-per-cent range is one more threat to that economic confidence which is indispensable to the psychology of economic recovery. To this additional extent the Roosevelt-Hull formula is bad contemporary business; for certainly no protected industry (which is to say no industry wholly dependent upon a full measure of adequate tariff rates for its continuance) can be expected to make a courageous long-range plan of activity and expansion so long as it is wholly at the mercy of these Washington "planners" with their notoriously antiprotectionist predilections. Such American interests as these can only live from day to day, hoping for the best but prepared for the worst. The President says we have "nothing to fear but fear." But the President's tariff bargains are among the vivid reasons why the protected sector of American industry and agriculture feels the precise incubus which the President thus describes. It is known, for example, that some of these planners think we should not attempt to produce anything here which somebody else can produce cheaper somewhere else and that our commerce should be regimented accordingly. Indeed the President himself did not hesitate to flirt with this view in his congressional message respecting domestic sugar. Yet the application of any such mandate would decimate American factories and American farms. The underlying vice of the present reciprocal law is that an executive order can substantially precipitate this or any other economic novelty upon a relatively helpless country. There could be no more insidious breeder of economic uncertainty, no matter how nobly our overlords may meditate their dreams.

More Abundant Life — for Foreigners

In the third place, the chances are against any balance of advantage accruing to the United States from one of these miscalled bargains.

This conclusion rests upon two premises.

So long as we make these deals under the so-called most-favored-nation theory (and that is what we do), the mathematical chances against us are about 60 to one, because, while we theoretically get a presumed trade advantage in the *one* country with which the deal is made, we give to *all* countries (enjoying most-favored-nation relations with us) all of the trade advantages in our own domestic market which we give to the one with whom we make the covenant. Considering the fact that our own domestic market is infinitely richer than any other on earth, the percentage of disparity becomes even greater. Someone has said that we never lost a war or won a peace. Someone else has said we never lost a war or won a conference. That is an exaggeration. But I shall be greatly surprised if the analogy does not finally apply to these tariff bargains which are made under circumstances that put us at a physically vast disadvantage from the very moment when the State Department gentlemen sit down with these adroit plenipotentiaries from other lands.

Defenders of the Roosevelt-Hull bargains usually counter with statistics which presume to show increased American trade with those countries with whom we have bartered. But they almost invariably neglect to show how, during the same periods, our foreign trade has also increased with other countries with whom we have *not* made bargains. In other words they transparently give all credit, for increased exports to our "barter countries," to those treaties — and none to general world recovery and a general resurgence of world trade everywhere. Furthermore, they usually fail to em-

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phasize what we have paid for these new exports in terms of increased imports (which frequently displace equivalent American production). For example, the Southard article boastfully says that in the year following our Cuban treaty "her imports from the United States increased in quantity by more than 50 per cent." Very good. Increased in *quantity!* That is the first catch — because the important thing is *value* and not quantity. But what about Cuba's exports *to us?* Not a word on that subject. I do not have the full year's statistics before me as I write. But I do have the statistics for the first seven months. Our exports to Cuba increased $14,000,000. But our imports from Cuba increased $24,000,000! So our balance of trade was $10,000,000 worse than when we started. I repeat that I think in the long run we shall always, similarly, get the worst of it.

But let me refer briefly to the other premise which sustains this particular contention. If we are unbelievably lucky enough to trade absolutely even on the face of the balance sheet, we shall actually have *lost* if the new imports competitively displace equivalent American production. It is a fine thing to sell more automobiles in a given foreign country — let us call it Wonderland for anonymous identification. But if we have to let Wonderland sell us more lace, which displaces an equivalent lace production in America, then we have merely traded American labor out of a lace job and into a motor job. Then American lace labor quits buying motorcars, and even the motor industry has merely traded a sale at home for a sale abroad. A sale at home is worth more to us than a sale abroad, because the home sale (of a motorcar, for example) contributes to our continuous trade through the use of spare parts and gasoline, servicing, etc. In other words, I greatly dissent from the Southard thesis that the "nationality of a sale is of no consequence." I think it is. Lincoln said that when we sell abroad "we get the money, and the alien gets the goods" but when we sell at home "we keep both the dollar and the goods." This is not to be applied too literally, but it still presents a sound philosophy. It illuminates one of my reasons for believing that tariff bargains may prove to be a mirage even to their intended and often temporarily enthusiastic beneficiaries.

Since I have mentioned motorcars, I think in fairness I should add that many motorcar producers disagree with these contentions and favor the Roosevelt-Hull treaties. It is particularly distressing for me to disagree with them, because they are my constituents and they certainly know more about selling motorcars than I do. But when, under such circumstances, I persist in the disagreement, I shall at least be credited with deep convictions upon the subject. I should also add, gratefully, that the State Department has been highly considerate of the motorcar industry in negotiating these treaties. But I dare to believe that, in the long run, those motorcar producers who do not believe in the Roosevelt-Hull philosophy will live to be vindicated in their opinions. I venture the further prediction that these tariff bargains will cost this administration more popular support, in practical terms of votes, in the Northeast, the Middle West, and the Northwest, where the vice of any paraphrase of a low-tariff policy (this one included) is grimly and intimately understood, than any other single thing.

Ours *must* be a protected economy —until we are ready for the World State and ready also to sink to its living level. Ours *must* be an economy dependent primarily on our own great and precious and priceless domestic market, which produces 93 per cent of our normal trade. If we use the 93 per cent as bait in fishing for the other seven per cent, we shall wake up to discover that we have traded our birthright for a mess of pottage.

The Great Mirage

This leads me to the fourth and final consideration. It is sheer folly to talk and think of world trade in the astronomical figures of the last two decades. That day is gone for many a year to come. Advocates of the Roosevelt-Hull tariff bargains constantly talk about the time when we had an annual $5,000,000,000 export trade. They infer that it is again available if we will but pursue it according to their infatuate schemes. I respectfully deny it. There were just two eras in which we had those $5,000,000,000 exports. One was the World War era, when this swollen commerce was directly induced by a cataclysmic tragedy which, I take it, none of us would duplicate for all the money on earth. The other was the post-War era, in which we loaned incalculable sums

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abroad, to finance the continuingly swollen purchases of our goods by foreigners. The loans are in default. The foreigners have both our money and our goods. I take it that none of us would repeat that incalculable stupidity for the sake of a renewal of those record exports. How else, pray, can it be done? — particularly at a moment when the whole round earth is striving for self-containment (and when, don't forget, we are contributing to it not only by exporting our mass-production machinery and methods but also by operating 2,000 branches of our own great production units abroad).

Let me illustrate with an example, in the field of agriculture. In 1928 we sold Cuba 6,102,000 dozen eggs. In 1933 we sold Cuba 26 dozen eggs.

Take a kindred figure in textiles. In 1928, we sold Cuba 699,000 dozen pairs of cotton hose. In 1933 we sold Cuba 4,834 dozen pairs of cotton hose.

What happened? To some extent, other trade routes were opened. But basically the answer is *self-containment*. The old conditions will not prevail again under *any* circumstances.

This is a realistic world. We Americans had better be realists in dealing with it. America built herself up as a great nation, with high wage and living standards, by a protected system of potential self-containment. The poorest time on earth to abandon it is when other lands are now proceeding in kind. We can make some useful export bargains if we bargain as realists. This means an identified *quid pro quo* when the bargain is made. Self-containment can never be perfect. That is true here and everywhere else. Our bargains should deal primarily with the noncompetitive commodities.

I have no quarrel with appropriate efforts of the State Department to bargain us into reciprocal trade in return for our vast purchases of raw materials abroad — provided the bargains actually produce foreign trade instead of a mere invitation to foreign trade. But the general pursuit of bargains in competitive and necessarily protected fields is, in my view, both illogical and disastrous; and the pretense that a stable American prosperity can be regained by reliance on *any* such bargains, in a world which everywhere seeks self-containment, is, in my view, a pathetic mirage.

One day last year Mr. Paul Mallon, a highly reliable Washington newspaper correspondent, reported the following:

> Five big cotton men went to the White House about ten days ago. . . . They stressed particularly the big decline in cotton exports and possible permanent loss of our foreign markets because other nations are planting more cotton. . . . The President is said to have left them with the idea that foreign trade is a thing of the past. Whether rightly or wrongly, they got the view that the President believed the United States would eventually have to reconcile herself to the prospect of living largely within herself. . . . Most foreign-trade experts have come to that view, although they do not dare say so openly.

I add one other significant quotation. It is from an article prepared for American publication by Mr. Chester Davis, former head of the AAA and now a member of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Davis was completing a tour abroad. He prepared an authorized interview with the Associated Press for publication in American newspapers on April 18, 1936. He cabled a "kill" order on the story a few hours ahead of its release date but not in time to stop publication in the *Newark Sunday Call*. I quote from it:

> I am afraid those who hope for a suddenly revived European market for our farm products as the immediate solution to our American agricultural problem are destined for disappointment. . . . Under the rising surge of nationalism and the continued threat of war, with the possibility of food supplies choked off by blockade, the leading countries in Western Europe are striving to become self-sufficient and, so far as possible, to produce their own foodstuffs. . . . I see no sense wasting our soil resources and great national heritage to produce for a market we cannot have because of circumstances far beyond our control. . . . These are stubborn facts that no amount of wishful thinking in the United States will change, and they affect European export trade in many lines.

There you are. My authorities are out of the Roosevelt party itself. They may or may not be good. In this particular I agree with them.

The American Way

We want all the exports we can get — and, by the way, we can balance a very large export trade without any compensating competitive imports, through the use of our enormous foreign credits created by tourist expenditures abroad; by immigrant remittances sent back to the old homelands; by foreign collections on American securities owned abroad; by our unavoidable use of the foreign merchant marine; and by our necessary pur-

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chases of noncompetitive raw materials. We want all the exports we can get; and I heartily favor a realistic pursuit of them. But we cannot base our recovery economy upon any such pursuit. Our recovery will come essentially at home and out of our home markets. Anything else is what Mr. Chester Davis rightly calls wishful thinking. This may not be the way we should like to have things. But it is the way things are.

I have but skimmed the surface of my text. Space limitations prohibit the exhaustive analyses which this subject deserves. I have not meant to be dogmatic. No one can be entirely sure of himself in these perplexing, tinder times. Many men who otherwise disagree greatly with the New Deal are in sympathy with its reciprocal-tariff-treaty law. But I have a deep conviction upon the subject. I think the law should be repealed. I think it should be replaced with a constitutional measure which will permit realistic tariff bargains which can stand the scrutiny of Senate ratification. I think that in this and in all other things we should follow the American way for the benefit of America first. I should like to have the opportunity of sustaining and promoting an administration which will do, in these related respects, what Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau *said* (the verb, unfortunately, must be discriminatingly emphasized) the present administration would do:

> The Administration will evade no opportunity to assist in the direction of world prosperity, except the ever present opportunity to donate prosperity at our own expense.

ANNAPOLIS— Stronghold of Mediocrity

by **JAMES OLIVER BROWN**

One of the best known of our service schools is the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where young men from the ages of sixteen to twenty are taken in to be commissioned four years later as officers of the United States Navy. In spite of the great amount of publicity given the Academy, the American taxpayer knows little about this expensive institution. Much of his knowledge is erroneous.

I lived the strenuous life of a midshipman. I arose at six-thirty and went to bed after a full day at ten-fifteen. I swept, scrubbed, and dusted my room, learned to arrange my few possessions in an orderly manner. I ate three meals a day at regular hours, spent regular hours studying, attended three classes every day, took examinations every month, took part in a drill every day in everything from cutter rowing to gunfire control. I walked extra duty with a gun for demerits received for breaking rules. I looked forward to a coveted five hours on Saturday afternoon, when I could go to town, and a few hours on Saturday night, when I could dine with friends or go to a hop. I marched to chapel every Sunday morning and crowded my Sunday afternoons with luncheons, teas, parties, and dances at Carvel Hall. I experienced the depression which every mid-

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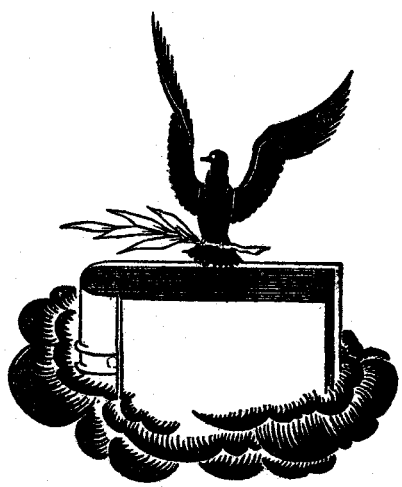
shipman has at six-thirty Sunday evening, when routine begins again for a week, and the thrill he has at the beginning of a cruise or of Christmas and September leave. When the four years were ended, I was graduated and commissioned an ensign in the navy. Soon after that I resigned voluntarily and entered Harvard Law School.

Obscured by all this activity are three great shortcomings in the Academy training: the failure to develop the thought process, the failure to provide a broad education, and the failure to develop character, initiative, and individuality.

Theirs Not to Reason Why

The Academy is well known for its strict discipline. Because this is strict most people assume that it is good and never consider the fact that temperance, even in training to obey, might produce better results than intemperance. Almost every action performed by a midshipman during his day is controlled by numerous well-defined rules set down in what is called a regulation book. That the rules are not hard to follow is agreed, but that there is any really intelligent reason for many of them is not apparent. A midshipman is treated little differently from a boy in boarding school. He may like to have a picture on his table, but a rule requires him to have it on the inside of his locker door. He may like to have a dictionary on his desk, but a rule requires him to have it on his bookshelf. He may not have a victrola until he has reached his third year. When he finishes a meal he must go through the process of pushing back his chair to a bell, arising at a command, and marching out on an order. He may have only 40 to 60 minutes after a hop to take his girl home and sign in at his dormitory. A second-year man cannot spend as much time as a fourth-year man in taking his girl home. It seems evident that most of the rules are mere arbitrary regulations, senseless and purposeless in themselves, obedience to which is demanded solely for obedience's sake.



In the long run such training does not and cannot produce the desired results. The habit of obedience is not developed by regulation of details. Most midshipmen understand the necessity for obedience, in the navy, when they enter the Academy and respond readily to the carrying out of orders. When they are told to man a lifeboat during a drill they do it without asking questions. When they realize that an efficient gun crew must work like a clock they will open the breech of a gun and close it dozens of times at a stretch without a complaint. Slight emphasis upon the training in obedience to sensible orders is enough to produce the efficient subordinate. To require men of college age to obey nagging, senseless rules produces the opposite result. The midshipman not only becomes childish in his disobedience of childish rules but he also forms the habit of avoiding what he can avoid.

Many are the examples of unreasonable disciplinary measures which one sees at the Academy. A friend of mine was stripped of his high rating and placed in the ranks because he declined to report a minor infraction of rules by two of his classmates, who would not have graduated if caught, because they had nearly exceeded their allowance of demerits. He never should have been called upon to tattle and should not have been punished for refusing to do so. That he received one of the most severe punishments he could have been given shows the lack of understanding in disciplinarians at the Academy. A half-dozen men in charge of tables in the mess hall were given twenty demerits each and made to walk with a gun for several hours because they did not tell voluntarily on some classmates who had left their tables without authority.

Much of the enforcement of the rules is put into the hands of the senior class. Few of its members are qualified by training or experience to be entrusted with such responsibility. This is evidenced by their treatment of the plebes, members of the first-year class, who usually bear the brunt of the childish or disgruntled upperclassmen's stored-up energy and anger. Hazing in the guise of discipline exists to sub-

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ject plebes to physical torture, the running of foolish errands, the doing of menial tasks, the learning of verses which are more noted for filth than for literary value, and the memorizing of such things as the results of football or baseball games, the names of captains of Navy teams, the answers to such questions as "Which side is up?" All this is considered a necessary part of the education and discipline of a plebe.

Practices such as hazing, restricting underclassmen from certain walks and rooms, requiring plebes to stand in the presence of upperclassmen and to call them "Sir" are, like rallies before football games, "collegiate" practices, dead since over a decade ago at more enlightened colleges and universities.

Is It Education?

Most colleges conduct classes by means of the lecture system. There is no lecturing in the Naval Academy classroom. There the aim is to ascertain the amount of knowledge acquired outside the classroom, rather than to furnish any knowledge in the classroom. Each midshipman, each day in each of his three classes, gives a recitation of the day's lesson, which he has learned from a book. Upon arrival in the classroom he is asked if there are any questions. Having had time only to learn by rote enough to be able to answer questions, he has none to ask. Slips of paper furnish questions to be answered at the blackboard when the instructor says perfunctorily, "Draw slips and man the boards." When the last man has completed his exposition of memory in a flurry of chalk and the instructor has put a mark for each in a book, the class has completed its hour's work. A Harvard Law School teacher recently said: "The function of all education is to incite the mind and not to furnish it." President Franklin D. Roosevelt certainly was mistaken when at the graduation of the Class of 1933 at the Academy he said, copying the Harvard procedure, "I welcome you into the society of educated men."

With few exceptions the instructors are naval officers temporarily stationed at the Academy. None of them has had any training in the art of teaching and none of them practices the art. Little could be lost by replacing them with some mechanical device labeled *Referee* or *Mark Recorder*. Admiral William S. Sims (retired), when a member of the Board of Visitors to the Academy in 1933, submitted a minority report to the President of the United States in which he said:

> One can readily predict the result if a civilian college advertised that neither the president nor the members of the faculty had any professional knowledge or training as educators and that all would be replaced every two or three years. Few people would be willing to entrust their sons' education to such an institution.

The Academy has been blacklisted by the American Association of University Professors. It is the only important institution to be declared "ineligible" by the association, chiefly because of the lack of a sufficient number of trained educators on its faculty.

Even with an adequate faculty, the midshipmen could not receive a good education with the present list of courses. There simply is not time enough to cram men in mathematics, physics, chemistry, seamanship, navigation, ordnance and gunnery, languages, physical development, and hygiene and at the same time to expose them to cultural subjects and to invite intellectual initiative and self-education. The ignorance of Naval Academy graduates of most history and literature, of the fine arts, of philosophy, psychology, biology, geology, and of, indeed, most cultural subjects indicates the lack of education at this supposedly educational institution. The curriculum offers only a few of the most elementary courses in English literature, history, economics, and government. This deficiency was pointed out as early as 1923 by Dr. James Rowland Angell, President of Yale University, and repeated by him in 1931. Others have voiced the same criticism, with negligible results.

Dead from the Neck Up

Midshipmen have a curious attitude toward anything which bespeaks mental culture. There were a few men in my class who were subjected to a great amount of scorn and ridicule because they had interests such as music, philosophy, religion, art, psychology, the drama, government, history, and biography. Branded as people interested in culture, they were considered inferior.

The library is seldom used by the great majority of midshipmen. Consternation reigned when it was announced, when I was at the Academy, that the first class would be required

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to write semiterm papers for the Department of English and History. The idea of having to go to the library on one's own initiative was so foreign to anything they considered proper that most of the papers were compiled from a single book in their rooms. Most of the reading done at the Academy, apart from the required work, which includes practically nothing but textbooks, consists of inferior magazines and cheap novels. Newspapers are seldom read.

One need only compare the sizes of the large building devoted to physical training and athletics and the small building which houses an inadequate library to see the attitude of most midshipmen and officers. Nothing shows as clearly the feeling that nearly all nonathletic activity is a sign of weakness and a waste of time. Mental development, it is supposed, is something which is acquired from the Academic Department. To pretend to be interested in anything other than what is required specifically by that department is to be something apart and something ridiculous.

Little is done to change this attitude of the midshipmen. The few lectures we were permitted to attend in our last year, given by competent men such as the late Mr. Frank H. Simonds, probably came too late in our career to be of any real benefit in this regard. Certain extracurricular nonathletic activities have been accepted as worth-while occupations, but the ones which help somewhat to extend the cultural knowledge and the mental training of the midshipmen, such as the *Trident*, which is the literary magazine, and the Quarter-Deck, or public-speaking society, never have been regarded with any great interest by the majority of midshipmen. Upperclassmen drill into the incoming classes the inadvisability of thinking otherwise than in the way generations of midshipmen have thought. In my whole time at Annapolis I never met a naval officer inside or outside of class who tried to inspire me with the desire to develop myself mentally. Nor did I find any real inspiration from the only really cultural department in the Academy, that of English and History. With but a few exceptions every member of that department accepted the prevailing view that midshipmen were not to be confronted with anything which would lead to a stimulation of the thought process. The few thinking civilian instructors and professors in that department would have been dismissed promptly if they had ventured to comment upon or suggest the problems which are presented every day in college classrooms.

The one thing which should be found in an educational institution is almost completely lacking at the Naval Academy. It is the thought process. The mental stagnation is appalling. When a group of young men is for four years almost completely cut off from everyday contact with the world, is subjected to a series of dull classes void of instructors and professors who would inspire and give mental stimulus, is subjected to a system which concentrates upon giving a mark for memory work, and is given no opportunity to use initiative and individuality in pursuit of knowledge, that group is bound to discredit the use of the thought process. The result of this deficiency, which is the greatest deficiency of all at the Academy, is that there are many naval officers who never think about or even have any interest in the events which are taking place and the great things which are being produced in this world.

The mental stagnation produced at the Academy is carried over into the navy when the midshipman becomes an officer, and is evident in his constant resistance to reforms. Admiral Sims writes:

> It is an astounding fact that the Navy has never initiated any one of the really fundamental reforms that were essential to bring it to its present efficiency. All of these reforms were forced upon the Navy from the outside; and in every case against determined opposition.

A Sheltered Life

I have known only a few men who have had strength enough to combat the powerful routine which not only hampers the further development of initiative and individuality but indeed strips the midshipman of almost all he had when he entered the Academy. Individuality surrenders itself to the smooth working of the military machine, which makes a pretty picture when the regiment parades and when it marches to and from classes and to meals. During all but two hours of the day, a midshipman goes through the same routine, studies the same subjects, performs the same drills as each of his classmates. A person ceases to have initiative when he determines no activity during his day. There is little required of the midshipman in the way of practical experience in de-

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ciding what he will do or when he will do it; this is all arranged for him. Even in his academic work there is no provision for individual research carried out in a laboratory.

After playing soldier and sailor for four years, long after the time when the average young man has begun to think about life seriously, the graduate of the Academy is very immature. He has been sheltered from contact with the world during his most impressionable years. He has no conception of the small daily problems which a person must face. His day consists of a round of schoolboy activities. His normal problems have been getting to the store in time to buy a tube of toothpaste, hanging his towel properly, and arranging his locker according to a chart, so as not to get demerits. The more serious part of his life is planned for him. That he is unable to cope successfully with the problems which will face him after he leaves the Academy is best illustrated by the necessity of that excellent rule framed by the distinguished former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Ernest Lee Jahncke, which forbids marriage for two years after graduation, to guard against unfortunate alliances.

Admiral Sims writes in his minority report:

> In contrast with [the routine of the academy], the character-forming opportunities of a boy who takes a course of four years in a college or university are really fundamentally different. The essential difference is that he is "on his own" from the time he enters. He is subjected to all the usual temptations of youth. He fails or he "makes good." He develops a reliable character or he does not. No rigid routine and supervision of his every hour conceals his defects of character, as does the system at the academy. The unreliable are eliminated as not in the leader class. The college graduate is relatively a young man of the world. The graduate of the academy is still a boy.

Four years of sameness in activity, interests, and training leave a very perceptible stamp upon the Naval Academy graduate. He is very much like every other graduate of the Academy in most respects. He rarely is at the level he was when he entered. Ideals and aspirations have been changed. If he came from a cultured background, his standards on the whole have been lowered, for, in training to live the good life, to expand, and to grow, the Academy is not more than mediocre. The ambition and will to win of the entrant is usually replaced by the contentment of the graduate in doing only what is necessary to maintain a position in which he feels secure. If he came from an uncultured background, his standards on the whole have been raised. The social functions he attends, the athletic games he participates in, the foreign countries he visits on his cruises, the occasional celebrity he meets, the cultured air about the town of Annapolis, and the feeling of security at the Academy all help to introduce him to a new and better life. But the plane reached is not a high one. He is but the product of the stronghold of mediocrity.

Raising the Standards

What is to be done? A commission of trained men, which boards of visitors have been recommending for years, must be appointed to study the evils and make changes. Instead of this appointment being made by the Navy Department, where the reports of the boards get filed away, ignored and forgotten, this reform, like others, must come from the outside. The men we elect to go to Washington must correct this abuse of the public funds. The commission must come through the recommendation of the taxpayer.

This commission must provide teachers who will inspire and guide. It must set up a system of lecturing and self-education. It must make the Academy a place where midshipmen are treated as and given the liberties of other men of college age. They must cease being retarded in the development of character, initiative, and reliability, by an institution run like a boys' preparatory school with strongest emphasis on the prison-like features. Time must be found in which to teach technological and naval subjects and also to provide for that sound general education which naval officers peculiarly require. To do this I hope that the commission will adopt Admiral Sims's plan of changing the Academy into a graduate naval school of from one year to eighteen months, with the requirement of a completed general education in a college before admission. It may see the need of extending the course to five or six years. It may adopt a plan of raising the age and standards of admission, continuing in its present four-year status with a greater concentration upon the humanities.

Whatever its changes are, it is certain that the commission will not allow for long the maintenance of the present mediocre institution for training United States naval officers.

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Do High Wages Make Prosperity?

Two Points of View on Permanent Recovery

by **IRVING FISHER AND EDWARD A. FILENE**

EDITOR'S NOTE: — In May of this year, Mr. Edward A. Filene, one of the country's most progressive and successful businessmen, severed active connection with the United States Chamber of Commerce, at the same time addressing to that body an open letter stating his reasons for withdrawing his future co-operation. His principal contention was that the Chamber was unable to base its policies soundly because it refused to establish positively the economic facts on which successful business must be operated. His special reference was to his theory that lasting prosperity depends on scientifically calculated higher wages; and he wrote that the Chamber had "neither the facilities nor the will to find the actual answer to such an all-important business question." Subsequently Mr. Irving Fisher, the noted economist from Yale University, in private correspondence with Mr. Filene undertook to challenge Mr. Filene's entire theory of wages in relation to prosperity. It is this correspondence, necessarily edited for publication, that THE FORUM presents in the following pages.

MY DEAR MR. FILENE:

I was greatly interested in reading in the newspaper this morning of your resignation from the national chamber of commerce and your letter to it.

You may be right in your general contention that the Chamber of Commerce has not put enough attention on getting at facts.

But I suspect that, in throwing this stone at the United States Chamber of Commerce, you live in a glass house!

I think that you and I know each other well enough to speak very frankly. You say that your studies have forced you to conclude that there can never again be a lasting nationwide prosperity until American business in general is organized to pay such higher wages that the masses of wage earners will be able to buy enough of our industrial products to give our industries an adequate market and thus keep them in productive operation. I cannot imagine what studies can have given you this result.

First, however, let me say that I too believe that wages can *ultimately* be far higher than they are now and that I am and have long been working to help bring that about.

Of course, I mean and doubtless you mean higher *real* wages, not necessarily higher money wages. I do not need to emphasize the difference to you; for I remember years ago when we were suffering from inflation (the "high cost of living"), not, as in this depression, from deflation, that you once wrote an excellent article on "counterfeit wages," meaning high wages with still higher cost of living. Now higher real wages can be brought about through lower prices or higher money wages — or through lower wages with still lower prices — or through higher prices and still higher wages. Of course, it makes no difference to the fact of real wages which of these four actually happens, though it may make a difference in other ways which do not directly concern us here. So far as merely higher wages go, the point is to have a bigger spread between the movements, in money terms, of the wages and the prices.

But this spread today is too great! There will always be unemployment if the spread is greater than underlying conditions warrant, and your doctrine, if carried out any further, will simply mean more unemployment. I think the facts are sufficient to demonstrate this. In the depression prices have fallen, compared with predepression levels, but wages *per hour* have, in many cases, risen. At one time, for factory labor, the wages had risen 31 per cent, chiefly because of reducing hours of work per day.

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We cannot lift ourselves by our bootstraps. The only basis for raising wages must be increased marginal productivity of labor or, rather, production. This will follow from technological improvements. These permit higher wages. But, if wages are raised more than labor's productivity justifies, there will be unemployment. Every employer, however well disposed toward labor, will employ only the number of laborers which it pays him to employ. There always comes a point where an additional laborer will bring no additional profit. Beyond this point, the "marginal" point, the employer will refuse to go, and the only way to make him go any further and employ more men is by reducing the wages he has to pay.

Your doctrine of "increasing purchasing power" has been widely accepted. It was preached by Foster and Catchings; it has been preached by the labor unions; it was preached by Hoover and Roosevelt; it was the basis of the NRA; and it is almost the same thing as the reasoning behind the Townsend Plan, which your Twentieth Century Fund so justly scored. As I understand it, your doctrine is that you can arbitrarily raise wages, *regardless of labor's productivity* or the supply and demand of labor, and that to do so will make the purchasing power necessary to help us all.

As I see it, however, the question is primarily one not of the purchasing power of labor but of its productivity or production.

I do not think any arbitrary markups, beyond the natural supply-and-demand point justified by the productivity of labor, will help. On the contrary, such markups will hurt.

I am sure you do not imagine that, if we should mark up wages indefinitely, your doctrine would hold true — that, for instance, you could mark up wages to double what they are, without causing unemployment. If you so believe, do you also believe you could mark them up to triple what they are or 100 times what they are or to $1,000 an hour for common labor? If such unreasonable markups could be maintained through some NRA code or enforced by the police, there would be, as you must realize, almost universal unemployment. I want with you to see labor get all it can, whether by voluntary action of employers or by pressure on them by labor. But there is a limit set by marginal production, that is, by what the employer finds one more employee is worth to him, the employer. If one more laborer is not worth to the employer as much as the wages, that laborer simply won't get the job and so won't get the wages.

Labor can be made worth more to the employer with new laborsaving machinery. Labor is worth more to Ford than it is to any hand-working company. I believe wages can ultimately be raised to more than double what they are now, if we make enough technological progress. Laborsaving devices, paradoxically, help labor. While technological improvement does cause a shift of employment, reducing the demand at some points and increasing it at others, the net result is to raise average real wages. All the facts on this problem which I have ever seen show this. Professor Henry Moore of Columbia University, in *Laws of Wages*, showed it years ago. Professor W. I. King, President of the American Statistical Association, showed it in a paper last year.

We must find a way to take care of those temporarily displaced by laborsaving machinery; but that is not the problem you and I are writing about.

Those who talk of increasing purchasing power instead of increasing productivity and production are barking up the wrong tree. Townsend says: give $200 a month to old people for doing nothing, and they will buy so much as to help us all. You seem to say: give labor the $200 for doing nothing more than it does now, and labor will buy so much as to help us all.

Townsend does not seem to see that the $200 will come out of the taxpayer. He will have $200 *less* purchasing power for every $200 more purchasing power arbitrarily created for the aged.

You do not seem to see that every $200 you would add to labor's purchasing power will come out of somebody else — either the employer or the public which recoups for him the added cost he is put to.

Both plans are futile to increase purchasing power. The NRA tried it, and it did not work. Recovery was not helped as General Johnson predicted.

This does not mean that purchasing power is of no consequence. It means only that taking purchasing power from some people in order to give it arbitrarily to others will not increase purchasing power in general.

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This depression is a problem of purchasing power. There has been a shortage of purchasing power owing to the destruction of our *deposit* currency owing, in turn, to the calling of bank loans on which that deposit currency is based. In this way eight billion dollars of this checkbook money disappeared between 1929 and 1933. Six billions of this shortage have been recreated through Roosevelt's monetary policies.

This has helped us all, including labor.

We can solve the problem of purchasing power by solving the money problem, as Sweden has and as England is doing; that will bring us all, labor included, back to predepression prosperity and production. But to progress beyond that predepression prosperity is a problem not of purchasing power or of money but of production.

The path we must follow is the path of Ford and Fred Taylor, plus freer trade between nations, plus world peace, in which you and I are so deeply interested.

Agreeing as I do with your objectives and with so many of your projects and proposals, I deplore seeing you giving any of your great influence to what seems to me a mistaken labor policy and one which is now obstructing reemployment.

You are so progressive and philanthropic that I cannot bear seeing you encourage labor to make a trap for itself.

In fact, the countries which have let wages fall with prices have got out of the depression faster than we. The workers have had to suffer cuts in wages, but they have had more jobs than in the United States.

I trust that you will take these criticisms in the spirit in which they are offered, which is one of great friendship and respect.

Very sincerely,

IRVING FISHER

II

DEAR PROFESSOR FISHER:

Accept my sincerest thanks for your letter. That we have tentatively committed ourselves to somewhat contradictory theories is immaterial. What we both want is the truth — the truth which can be discovered only by such honest inquiry as this. I surely meant it when I wrote to the United States Chamber: "If I am wrong in this conclusion, I want to know it"; and I have read and reread your letter with a real hope that I might find something which would upset some part of my present theory. I have not found it yet.

Of course, when I speak of higher wages I mean real wages. Curiously, although I do not accept your conclusion that wages are too high — in fact, my conclusion is just the opposite — yet I do accept what seem to be your premises, especially that "the only basis for raising wages must be increased productivity of labor." I should say in nontechnical language that the results of labor, if not diverted, must determine how great the rewards of labor shall be.

You will agree, of course — in fact you point out in your reference to Ford — that the results of work in our machine economy are not determined by the individual worker. I cannot help noting further that they are also not determined by the individual employer. Even Ford was powerless to organize his labor forces so that they would produce much wealth in 1932. How productive our labor may be — and how high, therefore, its wages may be — depends partly, to be sure, upon the intelligence, skill, and virtues of the workers and greatly upon the genius and resources of employers; but it depends also upon the state of the market; and I cannot help noting that, in our advanced stage of industrial technique, no possible market could be adequate for our industries generally, except a market of the masses which have somehow come into possession of great buying power.

I know that Colonel Ayres and others have definitely stated that more business buying, not consumer buying, was the need of the times. I have done my best to follow such reasoning; but I have been forced to conclude, tentatively at least, that it is based upon premises which exclude from consideration the very purpose of industry.

But, if it is the purpose of industry to supply human wants, how about a situation in which, because of technological advance, it becomes possible to raise the plane of living of the masses generally but impossible to keep our industries in operation and to keep the masses employed constructively unless this very thing is done? And, as long as the wage system is in vogue, at least, will you not agree that this means higher real wages? Or is there some other way by

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which the buying power of humanity in general can be more wisely raised? I can't think of any. The so-called social dividend does not appeal to me because it assumes to distribute the results of work without demanding wealth-producing work in return. I need not tell you, I am sure, why I cannot endorse the Townsend Plan. Social security, however, is not only desirable but necessary, if the higher wages which I advocate are actually to result in adequately increased buying.

I have never maintained that raising wages arbitrarily will solve this problem. Even raising wages by finding out how high wages can be paid would not in itself do. What is needed is assurance that the higher wages shall be used for more buying and not for capital purposes, unless there is a greater human need for more capital than there is for a present rise in the standard of living generally. That is why, as I see it, we must make the grade from individual thrift to social thrift.

So long as there was a market for all the capital which could be accumulated, individual thrift was good for the individual and for society too, in that it provided the capital with which to bring about our technological progress. When the time came, however, when we could not profitably use our savings, because enough people were not buying enough to keep our industries in operation, individual thrift became not only futile for the individual but a positive social menace. It was a social menace because it resulted in nonbuying, and the nonbuying resulted in unemployment, and the unemployment resulted in such a lowering of the incomes of the thrifty ones that his thrift was individually futile.

I am not aware that this doctrine was ever accepted by Mr. Hoover or even clearly by the labor unions, although, in their natural demand for higher wages, I think they are voicing the present needs of business much more accurately than are our business organizations. As for the NRA, it seems to me that its fatal mistake was its effort to *raise* prices, thus decreasing mass buying power, with the result that our money, instead of being used to provide an adequate market for industry, piled up in the banks, where there was, *at the time*, little or no use for it.

It is at this point that our conclusions seem to be most divergent. Your subsequent questions, however, seem to be based on the assumption that I favor an arbitrary increase in wages as an automatic remedy for our trouble. That is furthest from my thought. What I have been insisting on is the removal of wages from competition and a nationwide effort on the part of business, industry, finance, and labor to determine, by fact-finding methods, how high the income of the mass consumer, which is principally a wage income, can become. I do not mean by this the lowering of any other legitimate incomes. I mean that all incomes, like wages, can be increased only through more production for which there is a market.

I have repeatedly declared that I do not know how high wages can be profitably paid. The question, however, as you point out, is really the question of how well the work of America can be organized — how many people can be employed and employed in the most productive ways. But this in turn depends, as I think you will agree, not merely upon technological progress in production but upon technological progress in the *process of the exchange of goods and services*. If you will agree to that, we may not be as far apart as we superficially seem to be.

You have much more confidence than I in the possibility of solving this problem through increasing the volume of our money; while I am much more interested in bringing about a more advantageous *use* of money — either the volume which we have or the volume which you, as an expert, think we should have. But you will agree, I think, that the problem is more than the problem of securing an adequate volume of money and that it is largely a matter of securing adequately rapid circulation in the ways which are, at any given time, most useful.

Well, then, is there an urgent need for more capital just now? Or is there more money already available for capital purposes than there is any call for?

And which do we need more — the indiscriminate building of more plants, which I grant might follow if wages were reduced to a starvation level, or the planned adjustment of our economic efforts so that people generally can have more real values, more things which they want? In other words, what is work for? Is it something which normally happens only when adventurers are free to speculate or is it the human way of supplying human wants?

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Next, how much wealth could the people of America be now producing if they were all employed in advantageous ways? And, if the people could buy the things they would then be producing and if they were enjoying such social insurance that they would not feel compelled to save more than is needed for security and for capital purposes, just how would *that* cause unemployment? I have done my best to follow your reasoning there and I confess myself stumped. If, of course, we pay *too high* wages and the wages are spent for consumer goods, we shall bring about a dearth of capital, which would be bad for the wage workers, in that they would find their wonderful machine wearing out, with no adequate provision for its renewal and its further progress. But I was speaking of paying wages in accordance with our ascertained productivity. Can it be possible that the payroll of American wage workers today is more than their *productivity* warrants? Or am I mistaken in my understanding of your statement that wages must be determined by productivity?

Productivity, I take it, is our capacity to produce. What is our American capacity? The Brookings report, valuable as it is, does not quite say; for it does not base its calculations upon the possible improvement of our methods but merely upon past performances. Also, it makes no distinction between actually productive work and the mass of wholly unnecessary and uncalled-for work which does not add to our supply of things which people want. But even with the figures of the Brookings report, are we paying the workers of America according to their productivity? Or are we merely paying them a wage determined largely by competition which does not permit them to buy enough to keep themselves employed in producing and distributing it?

If, of course, there is some other available market for the capacity production of American industry, it would not be economically necessary to enable our own people to buy in such volume. But is there such a market available anywhere? If so, I should like to know where; also what advantage, if any, is to be gained by the American people being kept busy doing work for the people of other countries instead of doing the work which they themselves want done. I am not a narrow nationalist by any means. I believe in foreign trade and wish it might be revived. I even think the reciprocal treaties may help some. But I am looking for a solution of the problem which has arisen not through any exhaustion of our resources or any industrial deterioration but because a hundred million Americans, by virtue of technological advance, have learned how to work so well.

You are as eager as I, I know, to see them all employed. And you know what the masses do not, that their prosperity lies not in mere employment but in the actual production of much-needed things; that is, of course, if the things can be successfully distributed. I think you will agree, also, that there is plenty of work to be done — plenty of goods and services which the masses would buy if they could. Technological unemployment, then, need worry no one, if only we are ready, as workers are released from customary drudgery, to employ them doing these other things.

This leads me to admit the necessity of nationwide planning of our work. If that is an illogical conclusion, I wish that you might enlighten me. Have we not become very largely one economic community? Or do I seem to be talking like a communist when I suggest it? To myself, I seem to be suggesting the alternative of communism. For it seems to me that America has inescapably become one giant job exchange and that, if we do not organize this work so that people generally can freely trade the services they are equipped to give for the services they want to have, the capitalistic business system must come to an end. Granted that planning, up to date, has been something of a mess; and yet is there any other way by which we can now preserve our economic balance? Must we not find a way, for instance, by which coal miners and textile workers can buy automobiles, if our automobile workers are not again to be plunged into a condition where they cannot buy sufficient clothing and coal to keep those industries in healthy operation?

But can they do this unless they get higher real wages? I fail to see how. In what more promising way, I should like to know, could our resources of money and credit now be used than in facilitating this nationwide exchange of goods and services? And would it cost anything to arrange for such an all-round exchange of goods and services? Money surely is not wealth,

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is it? I grant that we cannot exchange more than we produce and that wages therefore cannot rise above our productivity. I grant that there must also be opportunities for profitable investment; although profits, from my point of view, must become less and less a matter of speculation and more and more the wages of business service, scientifically planned in accordance with the findings of scientific research. This means, therefore, that I am not expecting any Utopia or any complete and sudden break with the past. But I am expecting, because the step is so necessary, that we shall reinaugurate nationwide industrial and interindustrial codes, seeking to make wages as high as they can be made and, in co-operation with organized labor, to suppress chiselers and economic traitors.

There is reason to believe that we must change the Constitution if these necessary objectives are to be achieved. Doubtless also we shall have to undertake large-scale employment of all who are released from former employment because of technological improvements; and doubtless organized business would prefer to organize such employment rather than have it undertaken by the political government. And such employment will undoubtedly require capital; and wages, therefore, cannot be as high as if no capital were needed. Eventually, however, we may expect production and distribution to overtake our human needs. A standard of living which is quite satisfactory will then almost automatically happen, and further "technological unemployment" will be universally welcomed as that much added leisure.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD A. FILENE

III

MY DEAR MR. FILENE:

I have your letter replying to mine and am glad to see that we agree more nearly than I had thought. We agree that laborsaving machinery is labor's friend, not its enemy, and that wages cannot outrun productivity.

But it still seems to me that you are trying to raise wages "arbitrarily." You would, in a depression, raise wages to make them correspond to our *capacity* to produce, while I would let them correspond only to the *actual* production. We both want to raise actual production up to or near "capacity." But you think this can be done by raising wages, while I do not; and so I call the attempt to do so an "arbitrary" raising of wages.

We have been suffering from a general money famine, not from some mysterious failure to put purchasing power into the hands of labor in particular, as you would try to do, or from some mysterious failure to put it into "business" buying instead of "consumer" buying, as you quote Ayres as saying. Both of you are trying to make water run uphill. The trouble is the whole reservoir has been getting dry. When enough new money is poured in, it will flow into business, into wages, into consumers' demands, in more nearly the right proportion if left alone than if wages were raised out of line with prices and other factors. By the way, this is not inflation but reflation, the mere correction of deflation.

As soon as we see that it's a money famine we've been suffering from, we shall see that all the other diagnoses are superfluous. You cite the fact that an industrial plant can sell only a small fraction of its capacity output. That is true. It can't sell because the public (not simply labor) can't buy, and the public can't buy because it hasn't got the money; and it hasn't got the money because the money doesn't exist. It was destroyed.

This trouble is temporary and remediable. It is the essence of the depression. It has little to do with technological improvements. Money is merely the connecting rod in the engine. It seems a very subordinate piece of machinery, but if the connecting rod is broken the engine won't work. If the connecting rod is mended, you need have no fears that the power will not be transmitted and raise the standard of living. Restore the lost money and you'll restore the lost business and the lost jobs. Technology makes income — makes the land flow with milk and honey, makes high wages, makes the high standard of living — and not the reverse.

I do not agree that "what is needed is assurance that the higher wages shall be used for buying and not for capital purposes." Let that take care of itself.

I do not agree that "when the time came, however, when we could not profitably use our savings, because enough people were not buying enough to keep our industries in operation, individual thrift be-

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came not only futile for the individual but a positive social menace." There is no need of such a diagnosis and no proof of it. It is enough to know that the money to buy with was destroyed, just as if some demon some dark night had robbed all the tills and thrown the money in the ocean. Try to picture everybody's predicament, yours, mine, your department store's, the morning after and you will have a picture of the predicament we have been in for six years.

I do not agree that "the problem [of unemployment] has arisen . . . because a hundred million Americans, by virtue of technological advance, have learned how to work so well." It has arisen because of our bad banking system, expanding and contracting our circulating medium in the effort to conform to a 3½-per-cent reserve of actual money. You might as well try to carry a load of hay 100 feet wide (deposits) on a truck 3½ feet wide (physical money). It is bound to upset.

I do not agree that there is any general "necessity of nationwide planning of our work." If we have a properly managed currency we can let industry manage itself. It is the government's duty to manage our currency so as to provide us with a dollar which is a real yardstick of value, just as it is the government's duty to provide us with a physical yardstick. If business has a good dollar to measure with, it can be let alone or nearly so.

Our capitalistic system is endangered because it hasn't this indispensable tool to work with.

I do not agree that we must "change the Constitution." Rather must we live up to Article 1 of our constitution, under which Congress is supposed to "regulate the value" of money. It has left it to 15,000 little independent mints — the banks which carry checking accounts.

Very sincerely,

IRVING FISHER

IV

DEAR PROFESSOR FISHER:

It is gratifying to realize that we do not disagree so much as it had seemed. You would have a managed currency. So would I. But I should like to see the *circulation* of this currency managed in the interest of the consuming public, so that there would not only be plenty of work but work of the kind which supplies the greatest human need and therefore produces the most real wealth.

I agree with you that the government should regulate the value of the dollar, as it does regulate the weight of the pound or the length of the yard, and I also agree that a dearth of dollars or even a dearth of yardsticks would create a very bad situation in any business which uses money and yardsticks. But I can't agree that the mere issuance of enough dollars, any more than the production of an ample supply of yardsticks, would automatically solve our problem. The dollars, like the yardsticks, must also be so *distributed* that they will surely get into the hands of those who need to use them, if business is to run on an even keel.

You remind me that "the public, not simply labor," cannot buy adequately, because the necessary money doesn't exist — because it was destroyed. But I remind myself that I am a member of the public, that my standard of living is always as high as I wish it to be, and that multiplying *my* fortune by 100 or 1,000, while it might increase the buying *power* of the "public," would not increase its *actual* consumer buying by so much as one additional pair of shoes. It is the buying of the lowest-income groups which would be increased most by increasing their buying power. Some of these groups, to be sure, are so handicapped, mentally and physically, that money advanced to them is pretty much in the nature of charity, not business; whereas money advanced to the masses who are willing and able to work at wealth-producing jobs, in exchange for these wages, is just good business practice.

But you say that wages should seek their level and that there is therefore no necessity for removing them from competition; whereas I am convinced that we must remove wages from competition if wages are ever to reach a level which will enable the masses of our wage earners adequately to purchase the products of our advanced technology and thus to keep themselves always steadily employed — the wages always rising as their productivity increases, as it will enormously in these coming years.

You say that technology makes income. I hold that it merely *makes income possible;* and, since this technology is largely the technology of mass production, whether it actually makes

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income depends definitely upon the ability of the masses to buy what they would like to buy. You say it makes the land flow with milk and honey or that it would, as I understand you, if it were not for the money famine. I agree that it would — but not merely through a managed currency. It seems to me that we must manage somehow to get the money into the places where it is needed most and where it will most probably be used in the most needed ways.

We agree that there wasn't enough money in circulation in 1933; but many billions of dollars which were in existence were not being employed. Perhaps we could have done better with ten talents than we were doing with one, but the fact remains that we were not using the one at anything approaching its capacity. Not until Roosevelt found a way to get many idle billions of dollars out of their resting places and into the hands of many millions of consumers did business get going at all.

I agree with you that we can "let industry manage itself" — but only *if* our industries will organize such industrial self-government and can control the ten per cent of chiselers, a thing which they have never done as yet. When I speak of nationwide planning, I do not mean government dictation in matters of management. It would scarcely be necessary, in fact, for the government to interfere at all, if industry would only undertake the job. What makes it necessary is the point-blank refusal of industry to arrange for the managed production of wealth and its distribution according to our new capacity to produce.

But industry, I am sure you will agree, is a large term. It includes capitalists and owners of our machinery of production, also small and large investors, executives, managers, and the great rank and file of wage and salary earners. These interests often seem to clash; and they will, it seems to me, find it impossible to agree upon a scheme of management unless they can first agree as to what all this work is for. I insist that its purpose is to supply human wants — not merely the wants of those who, in a disorderly, unregulated, free-for-all scramble, have succeeded in getting ahead. I am not personally complaining. I did fairly well. But I can't see how there can now be business enough to enable us to use our modern technology, unless we can manage to sell abundantly to the masses who got behind; and their buying power, such as it is, comes principally from wages.

Finally, you say that there is no proof of my contention that individual thrift in a mass-production setup became not only futile for the individual but a positive social menace. I say it can be proved that many millions of Americans in the late 'twenties did invest billions of dollars for capital purposes, instead of purchasing goods, and that the resulting bull market was a social menace. I think it can be proved that the market for goods in those boom times failed to keep abreast of our productivity and that, even at the height of that so-called prosperity, there developed a sizable unemployment problem. I think it can be proved, moreover, that the masses of these investors did not and could not profit by any such use of their money at such a time and that, if our surplus funds had been spent instead in the purchase of needed consumer goods, more employment, not growing unemployment, would have resulted. But you and I, Professor Fisher, were not going without anything which we desperately needed. Only the masses in our lower-income groups were doing that. If our surplus funds could only have been invested generally in raising the buying power of those masses, it would have been the best investment which the higher-income groups could have made. But that would have necessitated nationwide planning and the removal of wages from competition, thus leaving competition more powerful to act where it can act most effectively and most profitably, namely, in conquering the enormous wastes still existent in production and, to a far greater degree, in distribution.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD A. FILENE

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I Thought I Was Modern

A Venture in "Living in Sin"

by **EVELYN HAVENS**

ONE DAY when I was in my middle 'teens, I overheard two of my elders drawing up an invitation list for a party which was to be given at our home. They were checking from a list used the previous year, and presently I heard one of them exclaim in startled accents, "My dear! Here's Marie Barton's name! Isn't it lucky we caught it? Wouldn't it have been *awful* if we'd included her by mistake?"

Then followed in low and avid tones the rehashing of Marie Barton's story. Marie, as I already knew, had fallen in love with a married man whose wife, some years before, had been committed to an institution for the hopelessly insane. Under the law, divorce was impossible, and Marie had made her choice. She had become the man's mistress, and the news was already going the rounds.

I, being of the younger, more modern generation, listened to the two in the next room with a feeling of helpless rage. "Narrow-minded," "intolerant," "cruel" were some of the adjectives I silently hurled at them. And time has not changed my opinion. I still think they were narrow-minded, intolerant, cruel. But I no longer wonder why Marie Barton flung herself into the dark waters of Lake Michigan one chill October night, thus settling once and for all a problem which she, with all her beauty, warmth, and courage, could solve in no other way.

For since that time I, too, have made the daring experiment and have learned that in this year of grace, 1936, as surely as in any previous age, the end of that road, for the woman at any rate, is still confusion, unhappiness, and agony of spirit, if not absolute despair.

On second thought, I do not like that word *experiment.* Its connotation is too scientific, too unemotional to be applied to the establishment of a relationship whose only right basis, whether in marriage or out of it, is love. And when I say love I do not mean sex attraction only. I mean love, with all that it implies of respect, loyalty, sympathy, companionship, devotion.

I MEET *Him*

MY STORY really begins when I was about twenty. By that time I had done a lot of thinking about this matter of love and marriage, as all normal girls do, and I had arrived at two important decisions. The first was that I should never marry without love; and the second was like unto it, namely, that, if I ever loved and there was an insurmountable obstacle to marriage, I should defy convention and take the consequences. By the time I was twenty-eight I had had six offers of marriage and numerous other offers less flattering; but I had never met *the* man and I was therefore unmarried and virgin, in the truest sense of the word.

I was in my thirtieth year when our paths crossed. He was a man of my own age, good-looking in an unobtrusive, masculine way, se-

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rious, well-educated, idealistic, and my equal in every respect. We had been going together for several months before anything was said about love. And then he told me his story. Legally speaking, he was a married man, although for five years he had neither seen nor spoken to the woman he had married and from whom he was permanently separated. He had married, when he was in his early twenties and extremely poor, the daughter of a well-to-do Catholic family. The attachment had apparently not been sufficiently strong on either side to weather the storms that inevitably arose out of a difficult financial situation, and they had parted after less than a year. But there was no divorce. The girl's religion forbade her to seek one, and the man had neither the money nor the inclination to start action against a woman whose only fault had been that she had failed to hold his love and to make him happy.

When I realized the situation, I confess that, in spite of the radical resolutions of my late 'teens, I hesitated. Then, I had been considering pure abstractions. Now I was confronted by a concrete case, and that case my own. I was no longer a foolish, impulsive girl and I knew the step was a daring one even in this age. It took me several months to make up my mind, but at the end of that time I felt the decision I had reached was the only right, fair, and courageous one. I loved this man and was strongly attracted to him sexually. He felt the same way about me. We should have been married had we been able, but that was impossible, without doing violence to the feelings of at least two people. I was mature, free, and, I felt, entitled to live my life as seemed best to me, so long as I hurt no living soul by so doing. My conscience was absolutely clear on that point. I was breaking up no home. I was stealing no one's love. I had no family of my own to consider.

Under the circumstances, to hold out for legal marriage seemed to me not only unreasonable but ungenerous and cowardly as well. And so, with eyes wide-open, sure of my ability to take love in my stride, so to speak, and to make of the sex relationship a fine and constructive thing, I embarked on the great adventure.

Experiment in Love

The first thing I learned was that no woman, no matter how wide-open her eyes, can possibly know beforehand what her reaction to the sex relationship will be. Mature, enlightened as I was, I was totally unprepared for the fierce assault upon the emotions and the deep psychological change wrought within me as a result of the new experience. Within three months, I, who had been so sure that legal marriage was something I could do without, found myself wanting, as I had never wanted anything in my life before, the things that every normal woman has wanted since time began — a love that could declare itself in the open, a home, a *husband*, a child, and that sense of stability, protection, and security which, in our present social system, only marriage can give. In other words, I had reverted to type completely. And I might add here that I have never known a woman in my situation who, if she really cared deeply for the man she had chosen for her mate, did not eventually long to have the relationship placed on the solid basis of recognized marriage.

Much is talked of the evils of frustration in the case of the woman who denies herself the physical expression of love. In my opinion that vague and generally periodic torment is as nothing compared to the frustration suffered by the woman who seeks happiness in love outside of marriage. With all the latent instincts of her sex released and intensified by the mating experience, awake for the first time in her life to the full design of married love, she realizes with a sense of dumb defeat that for her the fulfillment of that design must remain, perhaps forever, an unaccomplished thing. It is a trapped, blind-alley feeling that only one who has experienced it can appreciate. The conflict set up as a result of it is keen and distracting and almost from the outset casts its dark shadow over an experience which one had expected to be all light and freedom.

If this were all, one might bear it. But there are other things.

Had anyone hinted, when I took my stand for unconventional love, that I should ever feel any sense of inferiority or guilt as a result of my position, I should have regarded the suggestion as an unpardonable affront, implying that I was indulging in something which I considered unworthy and shameful, whereas the exact opposite was the case. Yet the time did come when I felt both these things so keenly

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and overwhelmingly that I found myself, many times, wishing for death to put an end to my intolerable situation.

In the first place, I was continually catching glimpses of myself as other people saw me, and those glimpses were humiliating and degrading in the extreme. Every time I heard a light remark about someone who was "living in sin," as my friends, with their humorous sophistication, put it, I saw myself in that person's place — a subject of airy and unbridled gossip in private and public places, an object of brittle and often indecent interest, tinged with a species of contemptuous amusement which seemed to cheapen and tarnish the whole affair in some indescribable but very definite way.

These flashes brought home to me with a sharp and sickening sense of shock the fact that, so far as society was concerned, I was no different from any other woman who has chosen to live with a man without benefit of clergy. By my own action I had placed myself, categorically, in the shadowy and unsavory company of gay and transient mistresses, "kept" women, and cheap adventuresses. I knew I was none of these. But others did not know and probably would not have believed, had they been told.

The thought was galling, as it must always be to a woman of any natural pride, and the result was an unconscious but nonetheless desperate attempt to cover up the existence of the sex relationship. Almost before I knew it I found myself involved in a tangle of deception, dissembling, and evasion, against which my whole nature revolted and which I realized was gradually undermining the honesty and integrity of character of which I had once been so proud.

The Awakening

In the beginning I had declared — and believed — that, so long as I felt right within myself, I should not care what others thought of me. I ended by having to admit not only that I did care what others thought of me but that I did *not* feel right within myself.

At first glance this seems contradictory and illogical. The explanation lies deep in the subconscious. What I had failed to take into consideration was that, long before any thought of love or its problems had entered my conscious mind, my standards of behavior had been firmly set up in the unfathomed places of my being. And those standards, inevitably, were the standards of the society to which I belonged — a society in which marriage is regarded as the only honorable state of the mated woman. Whether those standards were right or wrong, fair or unfair did not matter. What mattered was that they were there and that all the conscious reasoning in the world could not change them. My conscious judgment acquitted me of guilt, but my subconscious and infinitely more powerful judgment convicted me. And the result was a steadily growing, cumulative sense of failure, inferiority, and shame, bringing with it a troop of ugly and destructive companions — lost confidence, lost self-esteem, and a sense of lost integrity, losses for which all the tenderness and the devotion in the world cannot compensate. For while it is desirable to live at peace with the man of one's choice, it is *imperative* to live at peace with oneself if one is to survive, mentally, spiritually, and even physically.

Then, too, there is fear. And when I say fear, I am thinking primarily of the fear of pregnancy. As I write this I can almost hear the derisive cries of the sophisticated younger generation which has as yet no firsthand knowledge of the situation which I am discussing. "But my dear," I can hear them saying, "no woman needs to become pregnant these days unless she wants to."

Yes, I know all about that. The first thing I did after making my big decision was to visit my doctor, confide in him, and ask for advice and information. He had known me for years, believed in my good judgment and good faith, and freely gave me the information I required. I followed his instructions to the letter, and always. Yet, except for a brief period each month, I was never entirely free from the devastating apprehension to which I have referred. Sometimes it was further below the surface of consciousness than at others, but it was there always, at times so imminent and terrifying as to amount to sheer panic. The fact that I never *had* become pregnant had only a negligible effect in allaying my fears. It is a feeling that no amount of reasoning can eradicate — a thing indigenous to the situation — and I have never yet known a woman in a position similar to my own who was not perpetually haunted by this same terror.

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This is easy to understand, for to the unmarried woman pregnancy must always be a thing of disaster, if not utter tragedy. Abortions, even if one believes in them, which I do not, are extremely expensive and dangerous even when performed by a competent surgeon. When performed by a quack they are an open invitation to death. The only alternatives are suicide or the bearing of the child. And how many women have the courage to face the latter, either for themselves or for their offspring?

And so there must always be fear, present even at the most intimate and tender moments, chilling desire and slowly but surely robbing the sex relationship of the freedom and spontaneity which alone give it significance and beauty.

Doubt, too, there must always be, and this likewise for a very obvious reason. For, when all is said and done, when all the avowals and protestations of undying love have been made, the only proof a man can offer a woman of the depth and sincerity of his feeling for her, is marriage. Every married woman, unless she has tricked her husband into marriage, can be reasonably sure that his feeling for her is fundamentally right and honest. I am convinced now that this assurance is something which is absolutely essential to the happy continuation of the sex relationship — and it is something that no woman living with a man in the unmarried state can ever have.

Every time the spirits are low, every time there is a disagreement, misunderstanding, real or fancied negligence, a clash of personalities — and these things occur as frequently in the unconventional alliance as they do in marriage — all the old agonizing questions rise to the mind. Does he really care for me, deeply and honestly? Has he told me the whole truth about his situation? Would he really marry me if he were free? Questions that can never be answered satisfactorily, doubts that can never be laid, because the only irrefutable argument must in such cases, remain forever lacking.

TRAPPED!

MY EXPERIENCE has convinced me that only a superwoman or a woman of no sensibility whatsoever can hold out indefinitely against these combined forces of frustration, humiliation, guilt, fear, and doubt. And I was neither. Inevitably the time arrived when I had to admit myself beaten. It was then that the bitterest battle of all began. Time and again I resolved to end the relationship. And time and again, because I still loved the man and because indulgence in the sex relationship had made me hopelessly vulnerable to the mood of love, my resolves were broken down and I was hurled once more into the dizzy vortex of conflict, unhappiness, despair.

What added immeasurably to the agony was that my lover could find only one explanation of my behavior — that I no longer loved him. Trying to make him understand was like beating my head against a stone wall. Being a man, it was psychologically impossible for him to understand. Everyone will admit that society has never attached any particular stigma to the man who engages in an unconventional love affair. His subconscious standards, therefore, being but a reflection of the standards of society, leave him with no feeling whatsoever of inferiority or guilt. Doubt, too, leaves him untouched, for in the woman's surrender he has his proof of the depth of her affection. As for the fear of pregnancy — well, that does not even require discussion. And so he can never understand. He knows only that the woman has given herself to him and that now she is leaving him. And for him there is only one answer. She no longer cares.

Only one who has experienced it has any conception of the disintegrating and destructive effect of this indecisive and torturing state on the woman involved. It is like having one's feet planted on firm ground one instant, only to find them sinking in quicksand the next. I finally reached the stage where even the doctor who had originally approved of the step I had

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taken warned me that, unless I could make a satisfactory adjustment to the situation, I must make a clean break or suffer a complete nervous collapse. I knew he was speaking the truth. Already my health and my work had begun to suffer. Because my mind was so taken up with my emotional problems, I could not concentrate on my job or on any of the activities of everyday life. Eventually the whole thing resolved itself into a matter of self-preservation, and I was forced to make up my mind once and for all.

Because it was impossible for me to sever the relationship as long as I was within reach of my lover, I was obliged eventually to give up my position and leave the city where I had spent the greater part of my life, to make a fresh start in new surroundings, among strangers.

It is a desperate and lonely struggle — this fighting one's way back to single living — but I am convinced that, unless one can marry, one must do it, or be destroyed.

There may be women who have carried off the irregular love affair happily and successfully. But if there are I have never met them. And I have known many in these past few years. All of them have been, like myself, mature, well-balanced, intelligent women. Many of them have been unusually gifted, unusually charming, unusually courageous, yet they too have been worsted in the battle against the conventions. All have sought, eventually, to escape their position, and the results have, in every case of which I know, been disastrous. One woman — a writer of some success and brilliant promise — is now in an obscure retreat under the constant care of a doctor and a psychiatrist, trying to fight her way back to physical and mental health. Another has become a drunkard, two have become hopelessly promiscuous, and still another has turned to homosexuality. I have never known of one who could handle the situation squarely, sanely, and victoriously.

In the old days when a girl lost her virginity outside of marriage, our elders referred to her in scandalized tones as having been "ruined." And we, the moderns, laughed at what we considered this old-fashioned and exaggerated verbiage. But we no longer laugh for we have found that ruin is the best word that has yet been found to describe what overtakes the woman who seeks happiness this way.

Be not deceived by all this airy talk of free love. The only really free love is still to be found in marriage. And what is called free love exacts payment to the uttermost farthing in the most precious coinage in the world — self-esteem, self-confidence, honesty, integrity, health, peace of mind.

Modern? So were we. Gallant, too, and courageous, if you will — but doomed. Some day, perhaps a solution will be found to this aching dilemma of woman and her right to love in her own way. But, unless I am very much mistaken, it will be too late to do you — or even your grandchildren — any good.

While I Slept

While I slept, while I slept and the night grew colder
She would come to my room, stepping softly
And draw a blanket about my shoulder
While I slept.

While I slept, while I slept in the dark, still heat
She would come to my bedside, stepping coolly
And smooth the twisted, troubled sheet
While I slept.

Now she sleeps, sleeps under quiet rain
While nights grow warm or nights grow colder.
And I wake, and sleep, and wake again
While she sleeps.

Robert Francis

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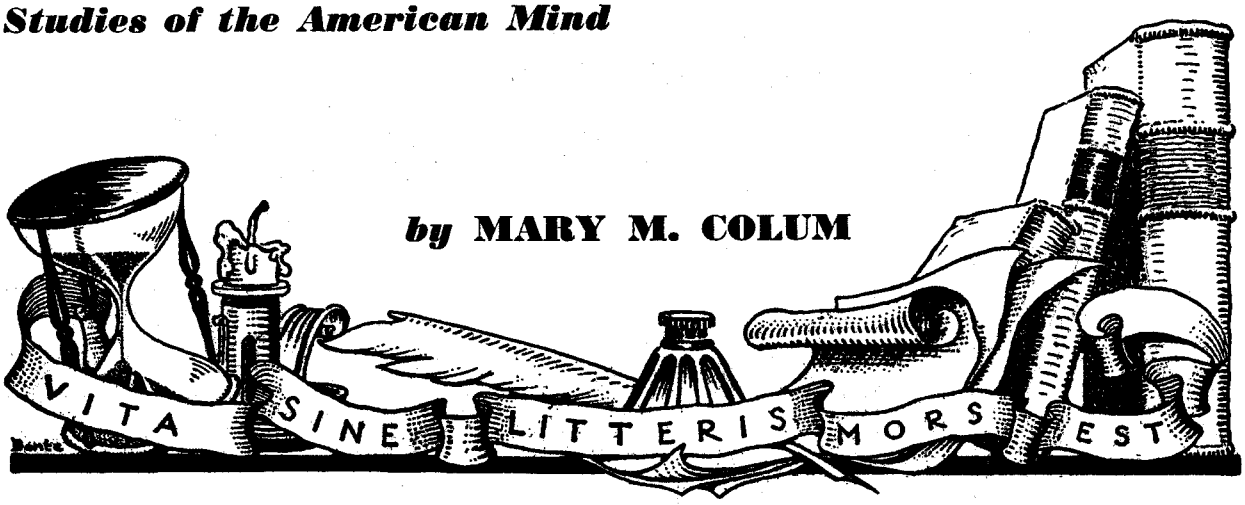
Life and Literature

Studies of the American Mind



***by* MARY M. COLUM**

LITERARY criticism in the past was often written by men who had no natural aptitude for understanding literature, no sensibility to art, and who were only pedants and rule makers. But ours is the first generation where so much writing on literature has been done by people who have no training in the subject at all, who know practically nothing about literary history, who are capable of confusing one epoch with another, and who, at the same time, are frantically pedantic and surpass all the ancients in rule making.

Of course there are all sorts of critical minds associated with literature, and some very fine ones are not literary critics at all: their interest is not in literature as an art; it may be merely in the interaction between literature and society or in the social or psychological conditions out of which literature comes. There are at least six or seven different sorts of critics whose only relation to each other is that their profession has something to do with literature: one may be a literary historian, another may be a sociological critic, another may be a critic of texts and readings, another's work may lie in tracing sources. The essentially literary critic is, at his highest, the rarest of them all; in fact, in the histories of literature he is the most seldom met of any kind of writer. A literary critic is not necessarily a book reviewer, nor is a book reviewer necessarily a critic. A critic is an expert in literature, for one thing — a person trained in literatures, not in one literature alone but in many, and trained in every shape that literature can take, from a lyric to a history; a book reviewer is not necessarily such: he is a commentator, a writer who gives news of books, with some judgments which will guide his readers. Very often he is a specialist in the particular sort of book he is reviewing — that is, there are some reviewers who deal only with novels, others with history, others with poetry, and so on. The great literary critics were great scholars, not specialist scholars but all-round scholars in literature. Any critic, great or small, is a critic only if, in addition to his sensitivity to literature as an art, he has a grasp on all the literature that has been produced. This, up to our time, has not been unattainable; the great literature of the past in every country amounts, after all, to a few books produced in a few great epochs. But perhaps the outstanding mark of a first-class literary critic is his power to create ideas.

Taking the books before me, is there any one of them by a real literary critic, I may be asked? There is one: it is ESSAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). I do not think that T. S. Eliot is an outstandingly important literary critic; the best of his energy has gone into his poetry; still, he is a real literary critic.

A book called A NOTE ON LITERARY CRITICISM (Vanguard, $2.50), by a man whose mind is at the opposite pole to T. S. Eliot's, James T. Farrell, though his book is by no means to be looked down on, is not literary criticism at all, chiefly for the reason that the author does not know a great deal about literature; he does not know when he is asserting ancient platitudes or when he is posing problems in literary criticism that have long ago been solved. But his

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Note on Literary Criticism is interesting because the second half of it at least gives us a highly intelligent point of view and shows the workings of the mind of a young man who has already made a name as a novelist.

A third book entitled OUR LAND AND ITS LITERATURE, by Orton Lowe (Harper, $2.12), is a clear, accomplished, unpretentious history of American literature, meant primarily for students but of general interest. It is a combination of literary and social history which enables one to take a grasp of the whole literature of the country and the conditions out of which it arose.

A fourth, ESCAPE FROM AMERICA, by Struthers Burt (Scribner, $2.00), is purely social criticism by a man who knows probably every shade of life and every type of person in the country.

The fifth, the most widely discussed of all these books, THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND, by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton, $4.00), is a piece of distinguished social and psychological criticism by one who is not a literary critic essentially but who in his best work represented something very important for the writers of his time — that is, he was a critic and interpreter of American civilization.

As for the merits of *The Flowering of New England*, these are many and distinguished, though I must own to liking others of Mr. Brooks's books better. I doubt if anyone living has such a knowledge of the life and artistic expression of New England as has Van Wyck Brooks. He has lived with his material for years and he has made us know the writers as a national group, a group that belonged to a homogeneous section which was in its own way a nation — the nation of New England, with its culture city, Boston. He has done this in a distinguished style, and it ought to be noted that Mr. Brooks's progress since his *Letters and Leadership* has been chiefly a progress in style; with every book the writing becomes better and better; still, in originality of content he has not equaled his earlier books. Even when these were somewhat wrong-headed in theme, like *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, they were sound as social history, vigorous and enlightening in their criticism of American civilization.

THE INTROVERT MIND

SOMETIME after the publication of his *Mark Twain* — from internal evidence it must have been while he was writing *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* — this writer fell under the influence of a curious French critic, Leon Bazalgette, whose work on Thoreau he translated, and I should not be surprised if it was this influence that directed all the work he has done since. Among Bazalgette's notions of biography was one that a great effect could be got by the device of using words from the subject's own work: he did this in his *Thoreau*. To quote the words of Christian Senechal, Bazalgette's directing idea was this:

> A biography, by the evocation of the life of a man of genius, by transcriptions from his work, by commentary, could express a personality as original as a character created by the imagination, and could thus contribute efficaciously to nourish the spiritual atmosphere of a period. . . . What distinguished him from other biographers was that he identified himself intimately and almost totally with his hero.

Readers of these lines will recognize that this has been the formula used by Mr. Brooks both in his *Emerson* and in the present *Flowering of New England*. Previously in his *Henry James* he had used the device of incorporating in the text phrases and sentences from the author but it was only with his *Emerson* that he identified himself intimately and totally with his hero, in the Bazalgette manner. This French critic and biographer was a man with a passion not only for New England literature but for Walt Whitman, Theodore Roosevelt, and every personality he imagined possessed of the vigor of the pioneers. He thought he could extract from them a kind of spiritual nutriment that some

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Frenchmen thought the French lacked but the Anglo-Saxon had. For, if Americans have sometimes an inferiority feeling before Europeans, it is equally true the other way round: some people in every country feel inferior in the presence of another civilization; Americans, instead of feeling it more than others, probably feel it less.

After translating Bazalgette's *Thoreau* and coming in contact with the interest in New England literature displayed in that book, after becoming familiar with a biographical method in which the biographer identified himself intimately and almost totally with his hero, Mr. Brooks's mind took on a new orientation, his writing a new manner. In *The Flowering of New England* he adapts the method to a whole group. It should be said right away that he does it better than Bazalgette ever did it, but without his poetic overtones. "It has seemed to me unnecessary to resort to notes to support my own authority," he writes in his preface. So also wrote Bazalgette in his preface to *Thoreau*. Actually it would be difficult to keep up the narrative and keep up the method if the author had to be introducing notes or even references to actual work all the time; very little that is objective can go with this process of identification.

As one of those who looks with dubious eyes at this and all similar subjective methods when applied to literary history or even to biography, I, at the same time, admit that in *The Flowering of New England* the result is a charming narrative, a sort of historical romance, a sort of synthetic memoir, as if written by someone whose memory extended from the close of the Revolution to the opening of the Civil War. But owing to the fact, essential in the method, that the author identifies himself with the chief figures in turn, there is very little contrast of personality in the work: Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne seem, for the most part, indistinguishable from each other; unconsciously Mr. Brooks incorporates those phrases or passages from their words that represent a side of their mind most akin to his own. When one comes on a striking phrase one is perpetually exercised to know whether this is Brooks or Emerson or Thoreau or Hawthorne or Channing. For unless one is as good a scholar in New England literature and history as Mr. Brooks, one will not know. This eloquence about a nighthawk, for instance — how much of it is Mr. Brooks, and how much is Thoreau?

> There she was, sitting on her eggs, so sphinx-like, so Saturnian, so one with the earth, a relic of the reign of Saturn that Jupiter had failed to destroy, a riddle that might cause a man to go and dash his head against a stone. No living creature, surely, far less a winged creature of the air.

The limitations of this particular method, clearly, are very great. Of course, if you are as gifted and as knowledgable as Mr. Brooks, you can portray a series of personalities like characters in a work of fiction but you cannot really reveal or interpret a writer in that way for the simple reason that you cannot interpret a writer unless you reveal his writing personality, his everyday personality and unless you can (which Mr. Brooks declines to do) cope with the works themselves. The essence of the method is in the fact that the author, in identifying himself with the characters, really identifies the characters with himself. You can identify the characters with yourself but you cannot identify their productions with your own. The author of *The Flowering of New England* does not like the word *fiction* applied to his writing, for, as he avers, he can quote chapter and verse for every phrase he sets down. But so can the bulk of the writers of fictional biographies — what good does that do us? For example, when he tells us of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "He had played into the hands of Dr. Freud; he had played into the hands of another doctor of whom he had never heard — Dr. Marx," we cannot help but be skeptical about this and similar assertions. Did Holmes really write anything more about what he called the "underground workshop of thought" than was the common talk of the higher medical circles in his day? It had been in philosophical circles for a very long time. Did he utter a single sentence that actually foreshadowed Freud's special contribution or did he just say what all the intelligentsia of the time were discussing? How can it be asserted that Holmes never heard of Marx? Leaving everything else aside, the famous manifesto and all, Marx was writ-

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ing in the *New York Tribune* in Holmes's lifetime. We are constantly teased to know what authorities Mr. Brooks has for many statements of this kind.

The Mystery of New England

Mr. Brooks, though an accomplished literary scholar, is not a literary critic; indeed he generally avoids coming to grips with a writer's work. Sure and certain, for the most part, when dealing with a social milieu, he seems himself aware that his tentacles, his sensibility, and his sense of life are not to be relied on when it comes to literature, to the productions of his personalities. On page 193 there is a truly astonishing judgment in which he describes Carlyle as a "greater man than Coleridge, greater at least in energy, greater as a moral force." All the energy of *The French Revolution* distilled to an essence wouldn't equal the energy of *Kubla Khan* alone, not to speak of the energy of the *Biographia Literaria*. And I decline to agree that Carlyle, with all his rhetorical Calvinism and his gospel of work, was a greater moral force than Coleridge.

O Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our lives alone doth Nature live.

There is more moral insight and more moral force in these lines than in volumes of Carlyle. And for sheer solid industry Coleridge could be backed against Carlyle any day. Then Mr. Brooks puts up a barrage against Lowell as a critic, though Lowell was a remarkably fine critic and his failures in criticism listed in *The Flowering of New England* are not really failures at all, except in the case of Whitman, with whose work he had no temperamental sympathy. One suspects that the attack is largely because of a judgment of Lowell's upon Mr. Brooks's beloved Emerson: "As for Emerson's verse, though he has written some as exquisite as any in the language, I suppose we must give it up." But is not this true? Has Emerson written any more than five or six poems "as exquisite as any in the language"? And about Lowell's own poetry he remarks: "A book of American verse could scarcely omit *An Indian Summer Reverie*," and proceeds to quote several dreary lines from it to prove his point. We profoundly hope no American anthologist would ever be induced to include it but that he would include instead that memorable and magical poem not mentioned by Mr. Brooks but quoted by Orton Lowe in *Our Land and its Literature:*

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had neither friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain.

The theme of Mr. Brooks's book, according to his preface, is the New England mind as it is revealed in literature. But he really shows it as revealed in only the sort of social life that the writers lived, an easy life it would seem from these pages, without much trouble or conflict. And after reading *The Flowering of New England* we are constrained to ask if the New England mind found any great expression in its literature. There is no more astonishing phenomenon in history than this New England mind or whatever one might call the mind that started this country off and which created a political ideal that I believe will last when fascism and communism have battered each other to bits. How was it that these men had from the beginning the spirit of a nation, while all other English emigrants founded colonies like Australia and Canada? What was in them that, as Mr. Brooks has noted, made statesmanship their ideal, so that oratory was encouraged because it advanced statesmanship, history because it celebrated it, portrait-painting because it perpetuated the statesman? Would not a critic who undertook to cope seriously with the New England mind have to deal with its divines and their writings and especially with the fact that its intellectual ideal was scholarship rather than literature, culture rather than literary creation? And, anyhow, would not the best method for such a portrayal have been Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royale* rather than the one Mr. Brooks chose? *Port Royale* is the greatest account in literature of the mind of a group — theologians, philosophers, poets

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— and it was given us by the writer who was the most accomplished all-round literary critic there ever has been.

The Religious Mind

This reference to *Port Royale* brings us to T. S. Eliot's *Essays Ancient and Modern*, with its striking essay on that best-known figure of *Port Royale*, Pascal. His is the best short study on Pascal that I have ever read in English and reveals Mr. Eliot's most subtle qualities as a critic; in fact, in this collection of essays we come straight to a first-class critical mind, hard, strong, sensitive, courageous, disciplined, and of invincible intellectual integrity. Some of his judgments on Pascal are intensely true applied to Mr. Eliot himself:

> His style, free from all diminishing idiosyncrasies, was yet very personal . . . and his intellectual passion for truth was reinforced by his passionate dissatisfaction with human life unless a spiritual explanation could be found.

This, after all, is the type of mind to which from the beginning men have given their homage — the one with a passionate dissatisfaction with human life unless a spiritual explanation can be found. For Mr. Eliot this spiritual explanation is in Christianity, and his essay on Pascal gives us all the most modern reasons for finding it there. He is modern not only in his poetry but in his criticism; he defends Pascal against the charge made by many commentators, including the late Irving Babbitt, that he was a defender of unreason and instinct:

> I can think of no Christian writer, not Newman even, more to be commended than Pascal to those who doubt but who have the mind to conceive and the sensibility to feel the disorder, the futility, the meaninglessness, the mystery of life and suffering, and who can only find peace through a satisfaction of the whole being.

The essay on "Baudelaire in Our Time" contains a great deal of Eliot's philosophy of literature and shows that power of generating ideas that is for me one of the tests of high criticism. I ask: can it generate ideas and does it understand poetry? No other sort of literary criticism is of more than passing interest, of more than superficial value. But, like every other reader of that great and most modern poet, Baudelaire, Mr. Eliot thinks his own conception of him is the only just one. There are many different interpretations of Baudelaire and each of them, in that it represents something that is actually there, is right: Symons' Baudelaire, whom Mr. Eliot does not accept, is there; Verlaine's Baudelaire; Rimbaud's; Swinburne's; Laforgue's; Eliot's — all existed. The truth is that many diversities of emotion are to be found in Baudelaire's poetry, many different mental attitudes: there is Satanism as well as Christianity, genuine religion and genuine perversity. He had the Christian faith but not the Christian morality. That he was a moralist, that he visualized the most terrible pain, the most irremediable remorse for inverts, perverts, and sinners does not change the fact of his own attraction to, his own interest in, vice. And yet according to Mr. Eliot's interpretation he was not the dupe of passions; undoubtedly he was not the simple-minded dupe of passions.

I think too much emphasis is being laid on Baudelaire's Christianity, especially by that group of critics in France known as neo-Thomists, two of whom Mr. Eliot recommends for their work on Baudelaire: Charles Du Bos and Stanislas Fumet. As a corrective to this particular doctrine regarding Baudelaire, I should recommend Ernest Seillière's *Baudelaire*, which is a good balance to the many one-sided estimates of this great poet: it is a cool and detached study rather than an admirer's homage. Eliot owes something of his impatience with the romantic attitude toward life and with purely romantic literature to the late Irving Babbitt, and Babbitt, in turn, owed much of his impatience with romanticism and with Rousseau to this same Ernest Seillière. The essay devoted to Babbitt in this collection deals with his humanism from the side of Mr. Eliot's own religious beliefs, and from that side Eliot says the final word.

The Secularist Mind

To turn from Eliot's *Essays Ancient and Modern* to James T. Farrell's *A Note on Literary Criticism* is to go back at least two generations and this in spite of the fact that Mr. Farrell deals with such up-to-the-minute items as

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the class struggle and the imminence of the world revolution. In T. S. Eliot's book we have ideas handled by a man who is incapable of receiving any ideas in a hostile spirit, who knows that there is a developing history of the human mind and who knows the role that ideas have in this history. One cannot say that the writer of *A Note on Criticism* has not ideas: he has. But, like so many young writers of today, he has a dogma and a program; he thinks that the solution of all human ills is contained in this program, which is, of course, Marxist. Apparently he cannot conceive that another program might be employed toward the ends that he himself desires.

Yet with all this concentration he is incapable of the lunatic pieces of criticism that have been uttered in the name of Marxism, the class struggle, and the coming revolution. For James T. Farrell is a real writer, a professional who has first-hand knowledge of what moves a novelist to write a narrative and what moves him toward a particular method; and for these reasons he is far removed from the infantile intellectual disorders that have infected less gifted writers of the Left. There is nothing novel in what he writes about "Literature and Propaganda," "Growth and Decay in Literature," but it is all sound and shows us that there is a possibility of a writer being both a good Marxist and a good litterateur. There is, however, a continual appeal to Marx's authority, an appeal that reminds one of the older pedants' continual appeal to Aristotle. I think it is well to say that Marx on literature has about the same authority as Queen Victoria's Prince Albert — in fact, they both liked the same books. Marx's genius was not for literature it has to be said over and over again.

James T. Farrell has that special type of reaction against the theological and social doctrine of the Catholic Church that was very influential in the 'eighties and 'nineties, that is, he is a secularist who hopes for a time when there will be no more priestly craft, no more catechism for youngsters, no more prayers, no more appeals to spirituality. It is as a secularist that he has a hearty relish in throwing bricks at the votive statues and the candles that have been set up in the Marxian chapels. He is worried by Clifford Odets' habit of ending his plays with a sort of prayer and in language that seems lifted out of a prayer book. When James T. Farrell has gone further into the domain of ideas he will be more tolerant of Mr. Odets and his kind, for he will realize that the patterns the human mind follows vary but little. The prayers, the candles, and the statues are always there. Obviously the author of *A Note on Criticism* has had a far better intellectual training and has a better literary equipment than the bulk of young contemporaries, and in the last analysis a man is a good writer in proportion as he knows his job and knows what his predecessors in the job have accomplished.

The Democratic Mind

From the side of practical ideas I am not sure but that *Escape from America* is not the most useful of all the books discussed here. Struthers Burt believes that the old American political ideal can be molded to fit any demands of a new age; he believes that the bias of practically all Americans is toward democracy, whether these are hereditary Americans or immigrants; he has faith in American character and American institutions without the slightest taint of chauvinism; he has a broad, free mind and believes that the great struggle is not between man and man, nation and nation, race and race but between reason and unreason and between what Bergson calls the shut mind and the open mind. He declines to be persuaded that man is merely a puppet in the hands of economic and social forces and is certain that the most serious loss that could befall America would be the loss of belief in the invincibility of the human spirit, even though Americans up to the present have been apt to realize this belief in purely material ways.

Escape from America is a sort of examination of the national conscience, by a man who is convinced that the central American tradition is the tradition of the frontier, the central American belief democracy and reason. This faith in what is central in the American does not exclude an attitude of the most indignant criticism of some of the commonest American attitudes and notions. "All my life," he declares, "my principal passion and preoccupation has been America." This wholeheartedness of his is undoubtedly one of the reasons why, in spite of careless writing, *Escape from America* is the most salient presentation of the American mind and faith that we have read in a long time.

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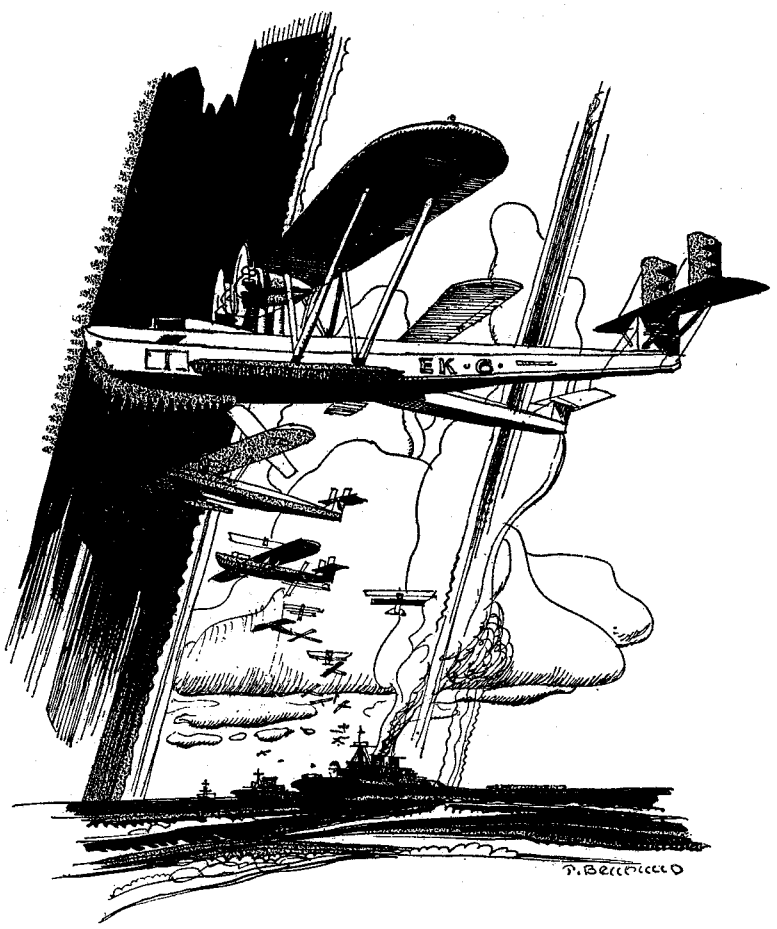
An International Air Police



by **VYVYAN ADAMS**

THE ENGLISHMAN is haunted by considerations of "good form." Confront him with alternatives X and Y, let him know that by doing X he will be called a "cad" or "no gentleman," and he will strain to do Y. He is reluctant to expose himself to any laughter that he cannot share or understand himself. But let him decide how he is to be mocked, and he will join uproariously in the laughter he has helped to evoke. Hence his taciturn shyness, erroneously or uncharitably interpreted as superiority.

These unoriginal observations will be shown to relate closely to the subject matter of this article, but meanwhile let me be guilty of a breach of good form by committing the solecism of self-quotation. In a previous FORUM article * I said, "When we press America to enter that structure of which her great Woodrow Wilson was a chief architect, we owe it to her to make the League respectable." How shall we compel that respect? By making it powerful. What power should we give it? The air.

One of my earliest recollections is of being dragged out of bed late on a summer evening by a bunch of enthusiastic adults to watch the wondrous soaring of a balloon. Wrapped in a blanket, I had my first sight of aircraft: it went dancing artlessly through the blue with its human freight, a lovely thing; vaguely dirigible, mechanically ridiculous. No doubt my eyes, heavy with the slumber from which I had been shaken, rounded with amazement at this huge and fantastic toy. It dipped out of sight, I remember, charmingly unsure of its airworthiness or its destination.

Several years later I saw my first airplane. Maneuvers were being carried out in the eastern counties, and a few airplanes were

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—*"The Key to Peace," October, 1935.*

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attached to the "blue" and "red" forces. A machine, droning its peculiar and unfamiliar note, sped over our country home. I was determined to take my fill of this marvelous sight. Standing on the lawn I stared after its fading shape for a full minute. The strange bird vanished into the distance, and I went on staring at the spot where I had last seen it. How long did its pilot survive? Did he endure beyond those days of hazardous experiment to fall in flames somewhere over the western front? I had at last seen real, deliberate, purposeful flight; a miracle indeed, though possibly less uncanny than the intangible mystery of wireless.

With the War the heavens lost their immemorial calm. A new rivalry, a new weapon harassed the opposing hosts. The soil of England yielded up its inviolability: children were bombed in hospital. Undiscriminating frightfulness defeated its own end. Resistance was stiffened by maddening bereavement and indignant sympathy. It was the air that gave me my solitary glimpse of the awful majesty of Armageddon. The school where I spent the War years lay on the direct route from Germany to London. We did not care very much. These raids meant escape from "preparation." The terror that flew by night was less disturbing than the daylight raids which came later in the War. At that later stage a score of Gothas would pass high overhead on their way to the metropolis. During the night we at least seemed shielded by the dark. The barrage of antiaircraft guns, futile as it may have been, then seemed to assume a powerful defensive quality.

One night I was awakened by the occupant of the next compartment in our dormitory. He poked me and muttered, "Wake up, Adams!" I sat up in the long dark room and heard the accustomed sound of the antiaircraft barrage through which I had learned to sleep. I felt inclined to join issue with my neighbor for interrupting my sleep when I noticed that the 45 other boys were sitting up in a curious expectancy. Then I saw its cause. Through the window opposite my bed could be seen a Zeppelin passing through the beam of a searchlight. In the darkness near its tail a light came from some attacking plane. It must have been signaling to the gunners below, for the firing from the ground died away as the drama jerked me into breathless wakefulness. The searchlights had gripped the marauder. At one end of her bulk a tongue of fire shone out and ran along the envelope. Then the whole ship burst into flames. We began to cheer. A boy in another house whom the cheering woke told me later he imagined for a moment that the school corps were charging to attack the invading Germans! The pirate turned into a giant ball of flame. For one magnificent moment the school buildings and the countryside were illuminated with a light like the light of the sun as, seven miles away, the wreck fell flaming to the ground.

We chattered for some moments with that affectation of unconcern which is characteristic of schoolboys. Even if we knew that we had just seen an incident which went far toward removing from our country one kind of deadly peril, we did not parade our confidence. A prefect shouted, "Go to sleep now," and the discipline which an airship's destruction had ruffled was renewed in the snores of adolescents. It was not till days had elapsed that it occurred to me that the crew of the Zeppelin had suffered a peculiar and ghastly kind of death.

The Next War in the Air

The Zeppelin as a raider was abandoned. Airplanes attacking by daylight replaced it. In the last few months of the War the assaults upon London from the air ceased. All available German aircraft were needed on the western front as the Allies pressed home their final thrust. The armistice came at a moment merciful to the great centers of civilian population in Germany. Fleets of bombing planes were being assembled behind the western front to shatter and pulverize her cities. The limited terrors which the enemy inflicted upon London and Paris would have been multiplied twentyfold upon Berlin. A number of causes broke just in time the stubborn and inveterate resistance of the Germans. But the catastrophe which would have ended the last war with a tornado of death from the skies is lurking in the womb of possibility to inaugurate the next.

What was a mere incident in the last hostilities would be the dominant feature of any future collision. Stimulated by the inventive need of wartime, aircraft mocks at distance and has made frontiers ridiculous. An airplane

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can today cross the darkest forest, the deepest ocean, the loftiest range more securely than a pedestrian can venture over Forty-second Street or Piccadilly Circus. Today a plane carrying several tons of bombs, varied in their content, deadly in their destructiveness, can fly for a thousand miles at from three to four miles a minute, deliver its mortal message and return home without a pause. Hear the problem as it was dramatically stated in my hearing in the House of Commons on November 10, 1932, by the man who has since entered on his third period as prime minister. Observe that development has, since that date, tirelessly aggravated the danger. And remember that Mr. Baldwin has never been charged with wanton exaggeration.

> Up to the time of the last war, civilians were exempt from the worst perils of war. They suffered sometimes from hunger, sometimes from the loss of sons and relatives serving in the army but now, in addition, they suffer from the fear not only of being killed themselves but, what is perhaps worse for a man, the fear of seeing his wife and children killed from the air. . . .
>
> . . . The speed of air attack, compared with the attack of an army, is as the speed of a motorcar to that of a four-in-hand, and in the next war you will find that any town which is within reach of an airdrome can be bombed within the first five minutes of war from the air, to an extent which was inconceivable in the last war; and the question will be whose morale will be shattered quickest by that preliminary bombing. I think it is well also for the man in the street to realize that there is no power on earth that can protect him from being bombed. Whatever people may tell him, the bomber will always get through, and it is very easy to understand that, if you realize the volume of space. I said that any town within reach of an airdrome could be bombed. Take any large town you like in this island or on the Continent within such reach. For the defense of that town and its suburbs, you would have to split up the air into sectors for defense. Calculate that the bombing airplanes will be at least 20,000 feet high in the air and perhaps higher. . . . Imagine 100 cubic miles covered with cloud and fog, and you can calculate how many planes you would have to throw into that to have much chance of catching odd planes as they fly through it. It cannot be done, and there is no expert in Europe who will say it can. The only defense is in offense, which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves. . . .
>
> If a man has a potential weapon and has his back to the wall and is going to be killed, he will use that weapon whatever it is and whatever undertaking he has given about it. Experience has shown us that the stern test of war will break down all conventions.
>
> . . . Let me remind the House of the Declaration of London, which was in existence in 1914 and which was whittled away bit by bit until the last fragment dropped into the sea in the early spring of 1916.
>
> . . . I am firmly convinced myself and have been for some time that, if it were possible, the air forces ought all to be abolished; but if they were there would still be civil aviation; there are the potential bombers.
>
> . . . In my view it is necessary for the nations of the world concerned to devote the whole of their minds to this question of civil aviation, to see if it is possible so to control civil aviation that such disarmament will be feasible. . . .
>
> . . . I certainly do not know how the youth of the world may feel, but it is not a cheerful thought to the older men that, having got that mastery of the air, we are going to defile the earth from the air as we have defiled the soil during all the years that mankind has been on it. This is a question for the younger men far more than it is for us. They are the men who fly in the air. Future generations will fly in the air more and more.
>
> Few of my colleagues around me here, probably, will see another great war. I do not think that we have seen the last great war but I do not think there will be one just yet; at any rate, if it does come, we shall be too old to be of use to anyone. What about the younger men? How will they investigate this matter? It is they who will have to fight, and it is they who will have to fight out this bloody issue of war. It is really for them to decide. They are the majority upon the earth, and the matter touches them far more closely. The instrument is in their hands. There are some instruments so terrible that mankind has resolved not to use them. I myself happen to know of at least three inventions, deliberately proposed for use in the last war, that were never used — potent and inhuman to a degree!
>
> If the conscience of the young men should ever come to feel with regard to this one instrument that it is evil and should go, the thing will be done; but if they do not feel like that — well, as I say, the future is in their hands. But when the next war comes and European civilization is wiped out, as it will be and by no force more than by that force, then do not let them lay the blame upon the old men. Let them remember that they, they principally or they alone, are responsible for the terrors that have fallen upon the earth.

The last passage I have quoted from my leader loudly invites several criticisms. The sincerity, beauty, and simplicity of its language on the other hand are perhaps beyond criticism. But Mr. Baldwin's central theses have never been refuted: the odds are now for the first time overwhelmingly in favor of the attacking side; European civilization cannot survive another major war; if you abolish air forces the danger of civil aviation remains, for large commercial aircraft can be converted into bombers within the space of minutes.

A Means of Security

Assume for one moment that a large majority of the states of Europe has assented

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to the abolition of its air forces. What is needed to protect them against civil aviation, suddenly converted by a determined aggressor, or against the air forces that remain in the hands of a minority of intransigent states? They need the faculty both to discover irregularities and to protect themselves against aggression. Another safeguard of inestimable value would be a means of detecting and crippling aggression by land. Could anything fulfill these requirements? I believe the solution is to be found in an international air-police force. Indeed, in terms of long-range policy, I believe it is the only hope. Such is the conviction which animates members of the New Commonwealth, an international society with its headquarters in Great Britain.

The difficulties are going to be faced in this article, as far as is possible in a few thousand words, and as far as I can anticipate what may be objected by that incredibly ingenious race of men, the resolute reactionaries. But I preface this part of my argument with a quotation from de Madariaga: "Technical difficulties are usually political difficulties in uniform." In any event those difficulties are far less formidable than the impossible task of self-defense upon which the sovereign states of the world are embarking with such pitiable and extravagant complacency.

How should I set about constituting the force? The principle would be established when a sufficiently large number of states fell into line with France, Spain, Sweden, Belgium and the Little Entente in desiring it. Upon this issue the attitude of my own country is vital, seeing that the United States, Germany, and Russia have all advocated the abolition of national air forces. And such abolition should be a prerequisite on the part of all the states who are parties to the kind of convention we are contemplating. If the individual members were allowed to retain their own air forces, sooner or later the international air police would be exposed to the danger of defeat. I do not think that force could hope to survive without this necessary concomitant of general aerial disarmament by all the consenting states. The force would be their protection against aerial attack by one or another of the minority outside. But the benefits offered by this visible and tangible form of collective security would be so clear and so attractive that they might well induce Germany, for example, to re-enter the comity of nations with full rights of partnership.

Air disarmament, then, would be the condition and the advantage of the whole policy. The excuse that statesmen are always advancing to explain their own failure to achieve that disarmament is the existence of civil aviation. If an international air-police force existed, to control and inspect civil aviation continuously, civil aviation would be no more of a danger to our civilization than sporting guns are to Scotland Yard.

Policing the Air

The force would have many functions. But one of its everyday duties would be constantly to inspect the open airports on which the large civil aircraft would land. Those ports, under a regime where civil aviation was internationalized, would be "open" in the sense that their soil would not belong to the states whose territory surrounded them. Any irregularity would have to be immediately reported to headquarters by wireless. Along the frontier of each state should run a demilitarized zone, its width extending an equal distance on either side of the boundary. For the armed forces of any state to trespass on these zones would be a breach of international law. Patrols above and along them should be carried out two or three times daily by units of the force. For such purposes and for all its day-to-day tasks, the force would take its orders from its commanding officer.

The command of this force presents a frightful bogy to the minds of many nervous people. Here, say these critics, is an opportunity, almost an invitation, for some ruthless Napoleon to seize and exercise physical control over a whole continent. They forget that one of the turning points in the course of the last war was the vesting of Foch with supreme command. And a chief commissioner of police is not as a rule regarded as a menace to society. There would of course be a police board. Its head would have to be a man of unchallenged honesty of character. Such men do exist. He would fill that office for a strictly limited period. It would be held in rotation by representatives from the minor states.

I believe this force would constitute an absolute bulwark against aggression within the

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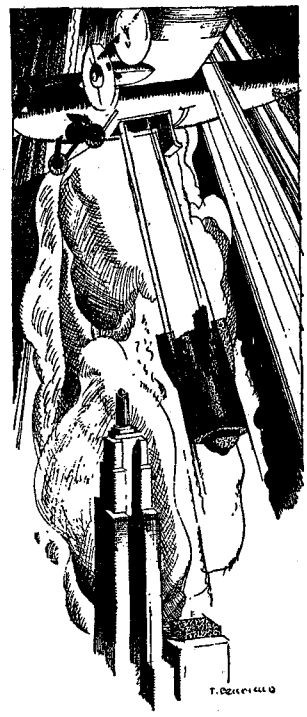
area where it operated. But we must now answer a question: Suppose a state be ruthlessly guilty of aggression by land; what follows? The force should certainly be used at the command of the League Council to break down the communications behind the invading army or even to bomb selected objectives, for example, armament factories, on the soil of the aggressor state. Only a pessimist would imagine that the force would be required to deal with such land aggression on more than one or two occasions. It would be a real force: formidable, fully equipped. In this punitive capacity — for all conceivable contingencies must in fairness be considered — it would have to be set in motion, let it be again observed, on the mandate of the Council of the League.

It may be asked whether it would be necessary in such an event to have a unanimous vote of the Council. I should suggest a majority of two thirds. Let the chances of impotence in face of the aggressor be minimized. I conceive a regional arrangement for Europe, if initially nothing better can be attained, and the force must be available against all peace-breakers in Europe. Scotland Yard does not wait upon the assent of the Gangsters' Union.

Again, its financing, recruitment, and organization would be conducted under the authority of the League. At the moment all the major powers of Europe are spending on their individual air forces stupendous sums. That expenditure is mounting. If no agreement for limitation is reached, the amount of money and numbers of machines required by each country go on rising as the pace of the arms race grows hotter. An international force of two or three thousand planes could be maintained at a total of less than $150,000,000 a year. Each state would save forever the great and growing expenditure upon its national force. All that force does eventually in our present chaos is to magnify the general insecurity.

Contributions to the international force could be assessed on the basis of the Bareme formula, by which present national contributions to the League are determined. Today Great Britain's annual contribution to the League can be expressed as one dollar per minute. Upon armaments she is spending each minute infinitely more than that. Our tiny group of isolationists calls our subscription to the League a "wicked, willful waste of the taxpayers' money."



National Interests

The personnel of the force is the delight of the skeptics. The Englishman, in whose character the self-conscious qualities mentioned at the beginning of this article are most intensely developed, is one of our problems. He and those like him abroad are, with the best will in the world, the satellites of Mars. In March, 1934, I spoke in the House of Commons in favor of the policy outlined in this article. This is the comment made in a publication called *The Aeroplane:*

> Actually his speech was about the best that could be made on these lines. If one is prepared to denationalise oneself and if one is content to be a member of the United States of Europe along with Wops, Dagoes, Bohunks, Jewvo-Polaks and all the miscellaneous nondescripts of Eastern Europe, with the Muscovites and the Japhetic Jews as the dominating partners, then the arguments of Mr. Adams are unanswerable. But personally, being a damned stupid Englishman, I prefer to remain English, with the best possible Air Force to ensure continuity of my status.

There is no room to indicate the dozens of questions begged by the writer of this nonsense. He may not count for much. But these sentiments can be felt and expressed. They probably raise a responsive titter from other nitwits. And we should be grateful for so perfect an illustration of the basic difficulties — prejudice and a nationalism which is blind to most things and distorts anything it may accidentally perceive.

The numbers of the force would be limited. Therefore only men of first-class physique, character, and intelligence would be admitted. Membership in such a body of men would be a high privilege as well as a gallant enterprise. Each state would be allowed a maximum percentage of enlistments for its own nationals. It would be a mixed force: there would be no

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national contingents whose members would be vexed by conflicting loyalties. The Foreign Legion is famous for its efficiency. If such a body, recruited as it is, can exist with such distinction, is the conception of an international force so Utopian as so many persons insist?

There are at least two opinions about the location of the force. Admiral Lawson, a profound student of the subject, argues that, assuming twenty-five states joined, there should be situated on each national territory four per cent of the total force. Any aggressor who commandeered the machines in his own territory would be met with overwhelming superiority. The opinion which I strongly favor holds that the safest plan would be for the airdromes of the international force to be situated on the territory of the minor states. They could not then be liable to the sudden assault of an aggressor.

Nothing in the Covenant provides for the establishment of an international force: on the other hand it is not specifically prohibited. Under Articles X and XVI the sovereign states members are left to decide whether or not they will accept some hypothetical recommendation which the Council may give for dealing with an aggressor. The emergence of the aggressor some day is certain within an area of armed and competing sovereignties. We have had experience with the efficacy of partial economic sanctions. Such sanctions must be sustained by naval, military, or air force. I would like to see Articles X and XVI so amended as to give the Council of the League absolute control over sanctions. The Covenant was no more verbally inspired than any other human document. If the Covenant does not afford a sufficiently strong legal guarantee, it should be amended so as to supply the new technique necessary to destroy war.

Then, say the critics, how can you turn the League, which is meant to promote peace, into a war-making machine? But what is war? It is an international duel. It is not collective action against the lawbreaker. You might as well say that Scotland Yard, the dynamic servant of the law, exists to promote crime. In any event, the Covenant of the League of Nations, a document too little studied, boldly contemplates coercive action against an aggressor.

Before It Is Too Late

The objective finally to be sought is an international force including a naval and military arm as well. But air forces are not so closely related to national traditions as navies and armies. The air, too, presents mankind with the gravest danger and the greatest opportunity. Is man to be his brother's curse or his brother's keeper? This policy does not preclude the final establishment of an international navy and army. Indeed, long ago a profound American thinker advocated an international navy. But the air is today the urgent problem; let it be faced first.

As we have looked for a moment beyond the immediate problem, what are we to say of those who reject the use of force altogether? Let us concede to them that they have reached the goal in a single bound. They have the whole truth. But do they, as a matter of practice, at present reject the use of force in the domestic sphere? Is the municipal law allowed to rest solely upon good will and popular consent? The reign of law among the nations can be born, it is submitted, only when states agree to escape from the stage of competing national sovereignty and to accept the decisions of a tribunal that is powerful as well as august. The *status quo* is admittedly full of injustices. When the world has ceased to grow and to change, life itself will end. But peaceful change can be guaranteed only by a European and, eventually, a world order which can oblige nations to respect the decisions of the international authority.

There are, I dare to think, no insuperable difficulties. Is there any alternative method by which civil aviation can be controlled, by which the decisions of an international authority shall be automatically respected, by which nations shall cease seeking security by rendering one another insecure? The real difficulties are the prejudice and inertia of men. Their span of life as individuals is short. They seldom regard themselves as vitally interested in what may happen to the generation after next. The old ways gave so many of them a tolerably comfortable life. The chances against an explosion may sometimes seem worth the gamble involved in sitting still. *Too late* may prove to be a fitting epitaph to inscribe upon the tombstone of our civilization.

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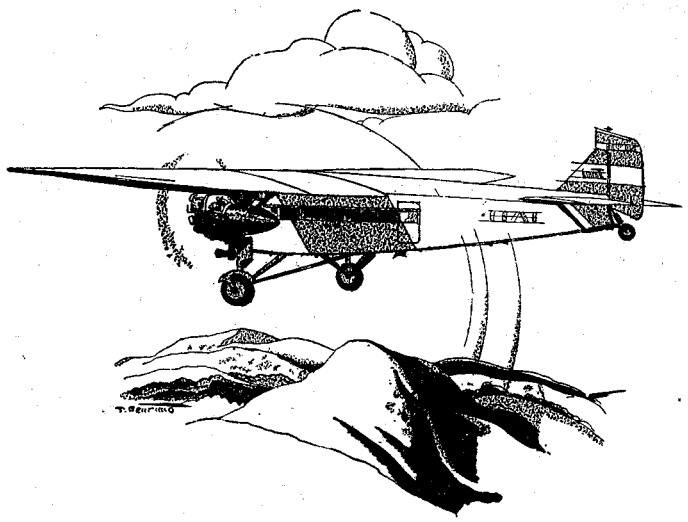
Prelude to 'Icaros'—I



by **JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS**

EDITOR'S NOTE: — Selections from Part One of a verse-narrative of flight, soon to be published in book form. Selections from Part Three will appear in the November FORUM.

Make a song for Icaros; let it be a dirge,
Played by the wind on reeds; for the wind carried him;
Let the colors of clouds be in it,
For he rose among clouds;
And the strange bloom
Of shells and the under-sea,
For the sea received him.

He was a watcher at night; so choose for burden
The voice of the earth at night: its tongue is muted;
The stars are over the earth;
The wind is over it;
The clink of bells at night
In the wattled folds
Is a sorrowful sound.

He ran with wings spread — and his wings lifted him;
He raised his wings to the sun, but the sun rejected them;
He flew, surpassing the birds;
Still, let them mourn for him;
All save the cock,
Who crew from his byre in the dawn,
When Icaros fell.

Make a song for Icaros; take a blossom of sky
And find his grave in the waters and lay it down;
The waves will wash it away;
The sands will cover it;
But the sea will re-form it
And toss it back to the sky,
— And some will remember.

WHO HAS NOT longed for wings?
Who, waking before daybreak,
Has not climbed a mountain-side,
And, perched on a bald peak,
Looked out across a clean world still asleep,
Looked out and down,
And seen the sequence of the ridges go
In shadowed crests and troughs, as the sea goes,
Ridges and valleys
Sweeping away to solitary peaks
The sunrise touches,
And all the intervening space
Misty with morning and the curly smokes
Of household fires
And somnolent with bells?
Who, watching thus, has not dispatched his spirit
After his eyes,
To leap from crest to crest,
To wheel above them,
And, looking perpendicularly down,
Discover what the valley-bends conceal,

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What towns are there,
What villages, what farms,
What lakes, what forests,
— What morning ways of sleepy beasts and men
May be disclosed to one who leaves his perch
And lets the green slopes drop away beneath him,
But he himself a hawk, whose vibrant flight
Hangs high on solid air above the earth
And brings all secrets to immediate touch?

WHO HAS NOT sat on narrow window-ledge,
Fronted by city walls that hide the sky,
Watching the troubled traffic in the street,
Nor felt the trouble of the city rise
About his being —
Cold shafts of steel, bleak pinnacles of stone,
The roar of wheels that tremble in the smoke,
Faces and footsteps, withering in the grey —
Nor known, for always, if such things must be,
The circle closed and no escape from it,
The last walls sealed to shut him in forever,
To wall away
Even vicarious freedom in the birds and clouds,
Who make so small a matter
Of walls and cities?
Who has not envied them?
Light as blown leaves they drift across the sky,
Sliding away to unseen destinations,
Without a pause, without premeditation,
And subject only to the seasonal changes
The earth requires of wind and sun and rain;
Lighter than leaves,
They weave across the sky
A shuttle of apparent freedom,
Which, to the cramped soul,
Seems natural as the growing earth itself,
As natural as the tides,
The stars, the seasons,
And, like them, barren of pain;
Instinctive essences,
Rich in an attribute the soul has lost
And may not find again,
But still a righteous thing,
A thing of goodliness and ease and comfort,
Right for the soul to seek and hunger for!

WHO HAS NOT guessed
That death itself is something kin to this?
That life and death,
Being one substance,
Are instant in the pattern the sky makes
With leaves in autumn —
The wild red hordes, free of their twigs,
Running before the wind along the roads,
Across the stubble scattering end on end,
Which, on a sudden gust,
Burst upward, treading the dark sky,
— And all the sky is darkened, and the clouds,
Showing flat floors, are speckled with black shapes,
That twist and turn and toss their lightened points,
Climb lightly on the sky
And disappear?

THE HEAVY AIR when thunders roll
Their drums across it;
The roar of winds under the lightning;
The whetted winter winds
That bring the small snow down
Or turn the sky to blue of robins' eggs;
The slow sweet winds of April;
The southern winds, that heap the mountain-clouds;
The whirlwinds in the dust; the water-spouts;
Cyclones and hurricanes,
Marching for fierce destruction over the earth;
— These are the prime wearers of the force,
That fashions life
And drives it through its living to the end,
And sets it free,
Finally free to go as the mind goes,
From hill to hill,
From star to star,
No barriers of time or heaviness
To block its passage,
But all things sure,
And here,
Untrammelled by desire, being undesired,
Or by possession, being unpossessed,
No struggle even,
But only responsive ease
In something light and liquid,
And all the channels
Life seeks for its fulfillment,
Open before the all-pervasive solvent,
Known long ago
And sought with half-closed eyes,
— As when the first man,
Tending earth's grey altars,
Turned suddenly
And saw, innumerable above the hills,
The living gods!

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PRELUDE TO 'ICAROS'—I

BE NOT DECEIVED!
Earth has her invisible shapes:
The elves that flit above the mushroom-rings;
The fays and fairies;
Kobolds in the roots;
The household godlings — small in-dwelling spirits,
Who animate the pots and pans,
Ovens and cooking,
Who guard the well and keep the water pure
And teach the bow and polished spear to bring
The quarry home and bar unwelcome siege;
— Whom, every one,
It is most proper to propitiate
With suitable offerings of food and flowers,
That hearth-and-home be sweet,
Its walls defended.
Remember them!
But be more mindful still
Of darker powers, inhabiting darker places:
Gods of the springs and river-beds and woods,
Growlers of sink-holes, swamps and thermal-caves
And fire-filled craters,
Gods of the mountains,
Gods of the oceans,
Destructive shapes of ways unfathomable,
Whose altars must be frequent
With gifts heaped high, lest they grow angry.
Be safe!
But where, in furtherance of hope,
The spirit hungers after fruitfulness:
Fertility in the fields, in flocks and herds
And in the wombs of women;
Or where it sits,
Empty of hope, before the tall black urns
Fuming a last migration of the soul —
Look upward!
Look to the Sky —
He, who was riven in the reign of Chaos
From Earth, the passive One,
Lying in lowly readiness to receive
His ploughings, if His mood be turned to Her,
His rains bestowed, or angrily withheld,
His snows that may be gentle or unkind,
His gathered clouds,
His winds, parching or freshening,
His thunderbolts and lightnings,
His rich dark piercings of the seeds
That shall not stir or plump their pithy girths

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Till He is come, or sends His messengers,
Ripe with His potency, to quicken them!

EARTH'S ALTARS face the north,
Four-square;
In cold and darkness
The tablets of her attributes are hung:
The Five Mountains and the Four Seas,
The Four Rivers,
The Three Hills of Perpetual Peace,
Sterile and waiting always,
But desolate in this hour.
Turn to the south!
Turn to the light and sun!
Here, where the honest dirt is baked
To cleansing dust, that lacks both life and death;
Where, in the night,
The stars look down so close and clear
They might be lanterns in a mountain village:
— Here the Sky's temple!
Blue cornucopia roofs, surmounting pillars
Red as the sun's blood,
And on the walls, in ordered precedence,
The polished tablets of the sun and moon,
The tablets of the clouds, the winds, the rain,
Snow, thunder and hail,
The Seven Stars of the Great Bear,
The Five Planets and the Constellations —
Recipients of their worship
In the Sky's courts.
Go south again!
Go by some southward-leading avenue,
That has its angled steps for living feet,
And slanting spirit-stairs
Where none may walk save only the hovering dead;
Go in the company of these;
Seek out along this path that portion of earth,
Where all the ethereal elements of the sky
Have their most poignant quality disclosed:
— Here the Sky's altar!
Tier upon tier of glittering marbles,
Round as the sun,
Round as the moon,
Round as the rings of Jupiter or Saturn,
Round as the linear base that is the firm horizon,
Where Earth and Sky lie married!
Put on the imperial robes and let the priests
Head the long progress through the dusty streets
With throbbing drums and horns
And censers swinging!
Let all the peoples,
Not only of the cities of the living,
But of the invisible cities, dimly reared
Along the reaches of the Middle Air,
Come to the worship!
Indra is here: he weeps from the snow peaks
In pure white waterfalls and sends his chariot
Across the sky, heard of the plains-people;
Assyrian Ashur, who is mighty-winged
And fights in darkness at the side of Ninlil;
And Rà, the wingèd sun, the deep-eyed hawk-god,
Wearing above his brow
The winged sun-symbol of his singleness;
Ishtar, the cloudy goddess; and Weiwobo,
Riding her peacock through the mystic Tao;
And Buddha, cross-legged on the lotus-leaf,
Whose power to dream upon it in the sky
Is not forgotten;
And Odin, the one-eyed;
Balder, the beautiful; and Thor;
Mithra, the warrior-god;
And all the loud Olympians, whose wings
And wingèd steeds and wingèd chariots
Troubled the Grecian battles;
Mohammed's horse, night-ridden into heaven;
Michael, in studded armor, golden-plumed
Above the fall of Satan;
And those angelic hosts on folded wing
Above the stable,
Who touched their harps, and saw the Dove descend!

LOOK UP!
Take now the wings of the wind,
Take now the wings of the morning,
And let the spirit fly from itself
To earth's uttermost parts!
The wide deep blue will open,
The clouds will pass under to the earth hidden,
And fallen away will be the heaviness of earth-going!
The stars will be brighter in the dark blue,
The moon will be brighter,
The sun will be nearer;
Fullness and fruit will gather out of the sky,
From the wings of the wind,
From the wings of the morning,
From the tall proud wings of the Sky,
Ascending and descending!

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Formula For War

A First Short Story

***by* MONTGOMERY HARE**

$d = ...$

JOHN EARNEST, student of physics, carefully laid his pencil beside his notebook and raised his eyes from its neatly printed pages.

"I see, Sir," he said.

"Gud for you, John," said Mr. Grauner.

Sitting in the front row, John let his confident gaze wander backwards over his uncomprehending fellow members of the class.

"Of course, Sir. $D = v^2 \sin 2a$ over g."

Of course. And he would take a special delight in later explaining it to that back-row member, "Lily" Wilson. "See, Lily," he would say, "if you want to know how far you'll go, which isn't far unless I kick you, then you use $d = v^2 \sin 2a$ over g."

"Ye-e-es?" Lily would say.

"Yes! D, the distance from the starting point reached by any object traveling in a certain direction, will always equal its speed, how fast it is going, squared, times the sine of twice its angle at departure, its aim. See? Oh, and that's divided by g, gravity, the pull back to earth. That's all."

"Oh! Is that all?"

"Yes, for God's sake, that's all!" He really wouldn't bother with Lily, if it weren't to see someone so stupid as not to comprehend the course of a projected object depended on its speed and aim.

"Bud, John." Mr. Grauner interrupted his train of thought. "Dzat is only dze formula, dze coffee grinder for dze problems."

"Why, yes, Sir."

"Before you uze it you musd onderstand it. I give it only because alvays at college they vant formulas, and dzat is wrong. Wrong! Id is too eazy, zee? It has a meaning, and dzat iz not eazy."

"Of course, Sir," repeated John again.

"If vhat goes in is right . . . alvays dze egzact onswer. Yes. Bud to get the right onswer you musd know vhat it is goes in!"

In the quiet of the classroom Mr. Grauner paused, seeking the expression of an idea.

"It iz nize, henh? Like this. . . ." He picked up a gram weight and with broad thumb and forefinger flicked it forcibly. It shot across the room and the glass of test tubes tinkled.

"Dze zame conditions . . . dze zame dinkle, always." He smiled. "An vhy, John?"

"Because, Sir, the product of its velocity squared. . . ."

"No, John. NEVER dze formula. It is physics I am teaching, not mathematics. MY FINGER, I did it, not dze formula. And how, John?"

"Well, sir, the distance such an object travels will always equal. . . ."

"Ach, God! dze formula!"

Mr. Grauner was silent, his heavy Germanic face reflecting sorrow because he could not show that even physics had its human side. Then he smiled, suddenly. The latent beauty and truth within some deific principle irradiated his face, found expression there, as clear Sunday evenings in the spring were often expressed by the precise and bell-like voice of Herr Grauner's flute.

"$D = v^2 \sin 2a$ over g. Ah, bud is it not beaudiful, John?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And your mudder, is zhe not beaudiful?"

"Er-er-yes, Sir."

"Bud you would not uze her? . . . a tool, no?"

"Why, no Sir."

"Gud; and you von't so uze my formula or it will kill you!"

Mr. Grauner pointed firmly to the equation

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where it was written on the blackboard.

"In-con-drovertible." He projected the word into the air, an emotion, a first successful rendition of the Largo E Dolce of the 1st Bach Flute Sonata.

"Bud dangerous." This with glee.

"You vill zee." A phial of nitric acid given to a determined baby.

"And yet, if you remember all, helpful. D, vhere vill id go? You know how fast? You know vhere it is pointing? . . . and g, John, do not vorget g, gravity, God, who vill pull id down. Then. . . ."

His fat left index finger slid along the white agate table, his fat right index finger, pointing heavenward, waggled ecstatically a foot away. He peered at his own fingers, first left, then right.

"Here . . . HERE!"

"Always?" asked John. He wished to ascertain there was nothing missing from his notebook.

"If vhat goes in is right, yes, dear John, always."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Thank *you*, dear John."

While John wrote down the formula, the open-sesame to problems, Mr. Grauner waited with an intense look of resignation. He showed no irritation; God, the great magician, would take care, even of John. But the formula itself, the rabbit from God's hat, was given to Mr. Grauner as his especial care, and so he anxiously watched its placing in the notebook.

"Ho! you, Johnnee!" he shouted, suddenly, though there was no reason to raise his voice. "Now perhaps you think you, too, can pull the rabbits out. Maybe it vill scratch you, maybe. . . . Maybe it's a cat!"

"Zo, I vride it!" rushing to write clumsily on the blackboard:

$$\text{"}d = \frac{v^2 \sin 2a}{g}$$

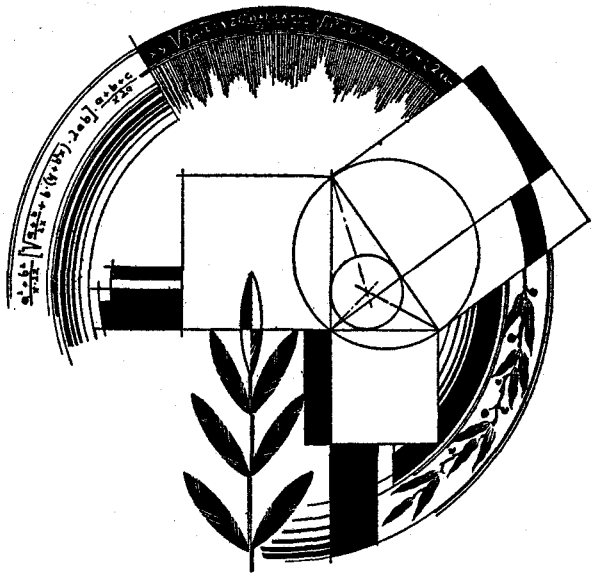
Handle With Care!"

$$= \frac{v^2 \sin 2a. \ldots}{\ldots}$$

JOHN EARNEST, the man behind the desk, made as if to rise.

"Yes, yes, I can easily understand it," he said.

For almost ten years now Mr. Grauner had been dead. Too soon his heavy heart had



belched with its many years' fill of God and goodness. Gurgling gently into the mouthpiece of his flute, he had laid it down, and, whereas he had spent the evening blowing, he suddenly, not with protest but violently, inhaled, perhaps recognizing the medicinal application of an ancient and, as he often had said, dangerous formula, gargling, as it were, death.

"Yes, yes, it's quite obvious what happened," John repeated.

The door facing the desk opened, transforming by reversal the golden hieroglyphics upon it to SWIFT, EARNEST, WILLING & WITHAL and beneath, in small letters, *John Earnest, Finance and Reconstruction*. A woman's head peered through the opening.

"I'll be free in a moment, Miss Smith," John said.

"Very well, Sir."

The door whisked, hiccoughed, and shut to noiselessly.

"Yes, yes, I can easily see," he went on, "had you only aimed to get your competitor's market, rather than have permitted them to get yours, or had you not allowed the production rate to drop off. . . ."

"Yeah."

"Well, tell your father then. . . . What? Oh, your father's really retired. Well, then, we'll take over on the twenty-first, a Monday."

John thought to himself he really would have to leave this business if it was always to bring him into contact with such milk-fed, disappointed types.

"So, until Monday. . . ."

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"You always were good at getting these things, weren't you, John?" said his client.

"A gift, just a gift, Wilson, old man." And John thought how he especially hated old friends, they were so long to leave. He had told Miss Smith to leave the door open whenever he was interviewing anyone who professed friendship. The trouble was Wilson didn't even profess it.

"You haven't forgotten, have you, John," said Wilson, "those pamphlets you sold at school?"

"Pamphlets? Oh, of course. No, I don't forget."

"You understood business even then. If it hadn't been for those I'd have flunked physics."

"Glad I was able to help you."

"But I never did see why you didn't get out more. There were nearly twice as many fellows as copies. You could have made a lot more if. . . ."

"Oh, I *do* remember, now," said John. "The pamphlets! That was good, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well," John laughed, "it's simple. If I had filled the demand I wouldn't have got the price. I figured it."

"Oh."

"Nor on the day before the examination would I have had the intense demand both for rental and for sale."

"That was pretty clever of you, all right. You started off with a bang."

"Oh, well. . . ."

The door facing the desk opened, again slowly transforming the lettering, SWIFT, EARNEST, WIL. . . .

"A moment more, Miss Smith," said John. It was pleasant recalling that first success.

"I had a pretty good idea even then, Lily," he continued, "just about what it was I was aiming at."

"No wonder you've gone so far."

"Well, I guess I knew back there it was no use wasting time. You've got to hustle to get along in this. . . ." John suddenly remembered. "Sorry I haven't the time to have a longer talk with you."

"Oh, that's all right." Wilson arose, and John after him.

"There's just one thing, John, I forgot. My father asked me to be sure to tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Old Samuels, our manager. He's worked for father for thirty-two years. Father didn't want him to lose his job."

"See what I can do. Of course we're not taking the business over for love. It'll mean a lot of changes."

"Yes, I know."

"There's too little profit in this business, anyhow, and we'll lose, at first, trying to restore production and get a market for another small concern."

"Sure, but you'll need Samuels. Father always said Samuels never let a shoe go out that wasn't right, not one shoe."

"Okay, Lily." John smiled. "We'll try to keep him in mind. Samuels." He laughed. "That's good. 'Not one shoe.' It's the turnover rate today, though, Lily, that counts, not the one shoe."

"I guess you know, John."

"It's my business to know, Lily."

"Yes. . . . Well, good-by."

"Good-by!"

Before the exit door had closed John Earnest pushed the green button on his desk. The other door opened immediately, the lettering upon it reversing. SWIFT, EARNE. . . .

"Miss Smith!" John spoke sharply. "An old friend!"

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"A drink then, Miss Smith, quickly. What time is it?"

"Eleven, Sir. A Mr. Prindal of BBW, Inc. says he wishes to speak to you privately. . . ."

"Mr. Prindal? Of BBW? Asking for me? You should have sent him in right away!"

John Earnest retired to his chair, sat down, straightened his collar, arose suddenly, and came forward.

"Mr. Prindal, I *am* pleased. And for what reason do I. . . ."

$$= \frac{\cdot\ \cdot\ \cdot\ \cdot}{\mathbf{g}}$$

JOHN EARNEST, representative to Italy from the American firm of BBW, Inc. pushed slightly away from him the board across the box of fuses which served him as a table in the shanty, and, allowing a good margin for safety, carefully balanced his cigarette upon the edge of the box.

"Why, of course!" he exclaimed and laughed.

Reaching for his watch, he could, by the early morning radiance from the hilltops to-

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ward Aduwa, just see its face. Twelve minutes before six. At six, the first shell; at nine, his job done, his future again neatly calculated, he would begin the horribly slow journey home.

It had been a long trip but worth it. Today he, John Earnest, salesman to a nation, would, as properly requested, demonstrate the value and method of his merchandise; tomorrow, figuratively, as reward, an order would quietly go through.

"Five hundred?" he speculated in the silence of the dawn. "A thousand!"

A thousand 155 mm. French types at. . . . Whatever the result, his commission would be money in a bigger and better way. And it meant a better position. Maybe salesman to the world. He liked that idea and laughed. Yes, he had done the trick again. Not that it was luck. He had known what he was doing when he requested to be sent to Italy. He would not even have taken the other job, because Italy's speed and knowledge of what she wished he had foreseen spelled victory. Yes, he could truthfully say that, when Mr. Prindal had first offered him the job, he had had no doubt his future should be placed in Italy's hands.

Twelve minutes before six. At five-thirty, following upon the Duce's personal message to his troops, John had restlessly awaited in the greater quiet of an African dawn the telegraph's rapid and insistent clicking of last-minute orders. With observations already made to show the wind drift negligible, the retardation and shell-rotation drift long since calculated, he needed now to be informed only what sector would be his to shell. At five-thirty, the orderly, strangely a Hindu and colorless amongst the wider color separation of the others, had brought the information to him.

"Sector six, Sahib."

"Six."

"Lieutenant Dardelli will await your orders at his post."

"Okay, Ali."

"Very good, Sahib."

Sector six. He had looked it up on the map, and found it to be the Aduwa settlement, southwest quarter. There was now nothing left to do but by formula to compute the necessary charge and elevation angle effecting the shell's mathematically exact destination, Aduwa, southwest quarter, the terminus of its physically determined parabola. A simple and obvious calculation, he thought, between a black nation's, and John Earnest's, future.

To clear the mountaintops the gun undoubtedly would need almost its maximum elevation of 42° 20′. To accomplish this high trajectory and yet reach the objective, the shell's 95 pounds would need all seven separate charges of powder, imparting to the shell a muzzle velocity — v — of 1,480 foot-seconds. The center of the sector six was shown by the map to be distant horizontally 9,290 yards, in feet 27,870—d. Operating of course upon the shell and effecting its eventual destruction there would be the inevitable downward force of gravity.

John at his writing paused and spoke aloud.

"G. Thirty-two . . . point . . . one . . . six foot-seconds. That's it."

And the formula? He shifted in his chair and, so that he might see it better, moved the board with the red EXPLOSIVES written on it and the paper toward the back of the box. The formula: $d = \frac{v^2 \sin 2a}{g}$.

Removed within the metal walls of the shanty from the now active movements of the Italian troops which broke the earlier quietness, John lifted his eyes from the page before him and, allowing a good margin of safety, placed his cigarette upon the edge of the box.

"Why, of course," he exclaimed and laughed. "Old Groaner gave me that one. I'd forgotten him. I wonder what he'd think if he could see me now. Zee, old Groaner," he mimicked, "do you zee me, Johnnee?"

The recollection pleased him. Glancing at his watch it revealed ten minutes yet before the hour. Plenty of time. Putting his strong left index finger on his battery's position on the map, his strong right index finger on the Aduwa settlement, southwest quarter, he chuckled.

"Here . . . HERE!"

Oh, it was good remembering the days he'd left so far behind him, remembering school's (now, thank God, far distant) boring saccharinity, old Groaner's eternal sentiment. He spoke again mimicking the voice.

"You mudder, iz she not beaudiful? . . ."

"Er-er-yes, Sir."

Startled, he turned. It was the respectful Hindu orderly who had answered.

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"Oh, it's you, Ali." He laughed. "What is it?"

"The loaders, Sir, are ready. Should the shells go in now, Sir?"

"Yes, of course, Ali."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Thank *you*, Ali, and close the door, please." Though within the metal walls he was safe from the weapons the enemy did not have, he wished another moment with the pleasure of his own reflections. The job would soon be over, the shells safely in their chambers.

The shells safely in. . . . It was priceless! He murmured happily, "If vhat goes in iz right. . . ." and puzzled to remember the remainder of the sentence, "Ah. . . . Alvays dze egzact onswer. Aduwa!"

The answer? He must not forget to finish his calculations before the hour.

Returning to the fuse box, he quickly calculated. $\frac{d = v^2 \sin 2a}{g}$.

It was soon done, the required angle determined, the board and paper with its formula left loose across the open box. Rising, he picked up the shortened cigarette from the edge and, dragging pensively upon it, he walked toward the door, seeking within the confines of his mind yet another memory of old Groaner, another cliché of the past with which to flavor his future's opening barrage.

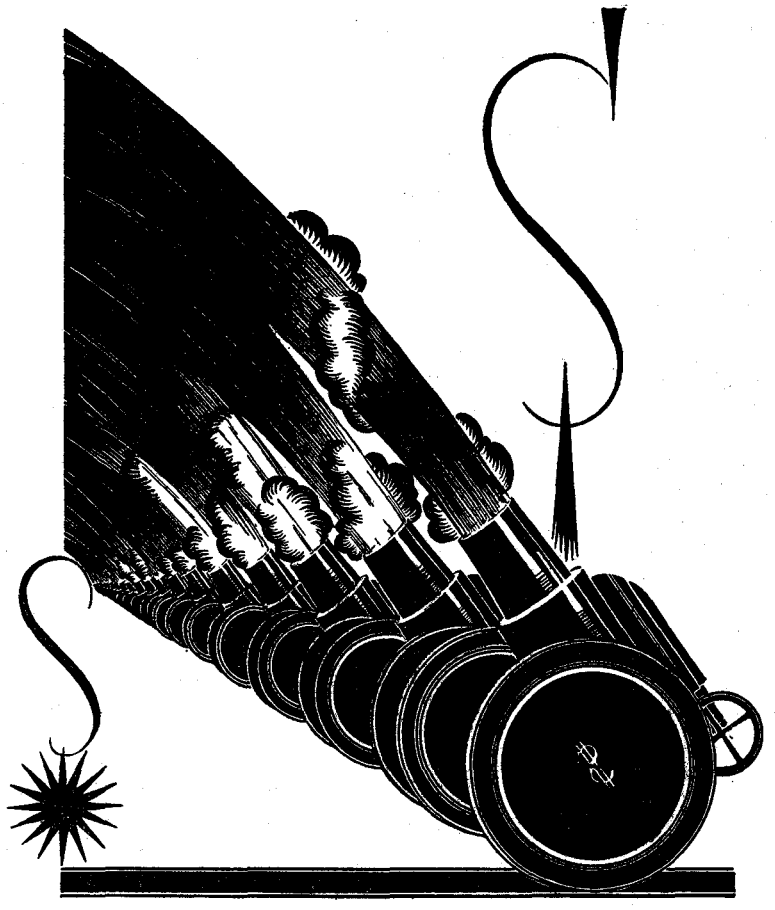
If only he could remember. "The something . . . the something." It was so long ago and far behind him his memory was faulty. Putting his hand upon the doorknob, he dragged so sharply on the cigarette that its hot tip burned his lips and made him take it in his fingers.

What was it? "The zame something. . . ." It irritated him to think his memory could ever fail him. It was his business to remember.

"Ah. . . ." he spoke, "No, no, I don't forget!"

"Dze zame conditions. . . ." He opened the door, smiled confidently to see the ready guns, and, momentarily turning back to mock the past, in certainty of recollection, with broad thumb and forefinger he flicked forcibly the cigarette.

"Dze zame dinkle. . . . ALI! ALI!" he shouted and watched the burning stub's high red trajectory. Hitting the paper, it smoked upon the formula, slipped, and with a too short warning sizzle it fell behind the marking on the box's side: HANDLE WITH CARE!



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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

The Summer Crop

The People, Yes, by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Unconsciously Sandburg inherits the wisdom of his Scandinavian antecedent who wrote "The Sayings of the High One" in the *Poetic Edda*. Those primitive observations on human behavior were written for heroes. Sandburg addresses his inspired ejaculations on the passing throng of machine-age folk to hoodlums as well as to heroes: *They buy me and sell me . . . it's a game . . . sometime I'll break loose. . . .*

The auk flies backward so as to see
where it's been.

Selected Poems of T. A. Daly (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). This is journalistic poetry at its best. Daly is the troubadour of city types.

The Gaucho Martin Fierro (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00). This early nineteenth-century epic of the Argentine cowboy is adapted from the Spanish of José Hernández by Walter Owen. These six-line stanzas in ballad meter are fiery and galloping. They will make any reader brace himself like a man or a heroine.

The Collected Poems of Austin Clarke (Macmillan, $2.50). This is one of the younger true poets of Ireland whom Padraic Colum is introducing to American readers. The themes range from modern lyrics to epics of the early romantic history of Ireland. This poet uses assonance in place of rhyme. He transposes into a new lovely English verse old forms perfected long ago in the Gaelic.

And finally five thin, exquisite volumes: **The Alcestis of Euripides**. An English version by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald (Harcourt, Brace, $1.25). Perhaps T. S. Eliot has influenced the modern appeal of this rendition. **The Human Abstract**, by Alice Very (Humphries, $1.25), presents a keen intellect working with fine artistry. **Amity Street**, by George Meason Whicher (Bookmart; Amherst), is sardonic and whimsical; good fun. **Santa Francesca**, by Laurence Butler Ridgely (San Francisco), is feeling, religious verse from the Golden Gate. **The Study of Poetry**, by H. W. Garrod (Oxford, $1.25), examines anew with scholarship and fresh judgment the sphinxlike problem of what is poetry.

A Letter from A. E. Housman

***by* NEILSON ABEEL**

An envelope addressed in an unfamiliar handwriting, bearing an English stamp and a Cambridge postmark, lay on my desk one morning late in last October. I was so sure it contained a bill from a tailor in that old university city with whom I am apt to indulge my taste for English suits and shirts a little too lavishly that I did not hurry to open it. But the unpleasant anticipation of seeing a bill, the total of which I had not calculated, turned to unrestrained surprise and delight when the following letter emerged instead.

Trinity College
Cambridge, England.
4. October, 1935.

Dear Mr. Abeel:

My heart always warms to people who do not come to see me, especially Americans, to whom it seems to be more of an effort; and your preference of the Cam to the Hudson, which I have always understood to be one of the finest rivers, is also an ingratiating trait.

If you think this note a reward, I shall be pleased.

Yours sincerely,
A. E. Housman.

The letter, I must admit, was not unsolicited. A month before, I had written one to Mr. Housman designed as cleverly as I could to evoke an answer. Then, I had tried to forget this embarrassing piece of folly done on an impulse after an evening spent in talking about Housman and reading his poems to a few fellow enthusiasts. I never dreamed I should receive a reply from so remote a figure and did not keep a copy of my own letter. I had written that, although I had been in Cambridge every summer for ten years past, I never tried to see him but that I did want him to know how much his poems had meant to those of us at Princeton who had first come to know and admire his work when the Holt edition of *Last Poems* was published in 1922. I added that I came to perform my ablutions in the River Cam every year in the same spirit in which the pious Hindu approaches the Ganges.

Of course he must have seen through my letter at once, but, since he answered it, I like to think that he recognized the sincerity of feeling which prompted it. For ever since that day in May, 1923, when I purchased those slim and now battered copies of *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* they have accompanied me on journeys the world over and at home rest on my bedside table. Poetically minded undergraduates at Princeton in the early 'twenties were reading Rupert Brooke and James Elroy Flecker with delight, and the lines of *Grantchester* and *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* echoed through the spring nights as we tramped the country roads or sat talking until dawn. They were the poets of the time and of youth, and their appeal was obvious. Housman came as a discovery with the publication of *Last Poems*, for certainly few of us at eighteen or nineteen had heard of *A Shropshire Lad*. Soon we knew all the poems in the two books, and quotations from them became part of our everyday speech. The simple verses were easy to remember and had a grave, haunting beauty which would not be denied. In them there was not an answer but a comforting, understanding word for all the problems of youth, and Housman was a friend who did not fail us with bright, impossible promises. He knew that:

What evil luck soever
For me remains in store
Tis sure much finer fellows
Have fared much worse before.

Instinctively we felt he knew all about us; that some would die young, some fail in love, some end in jail. His wisdom was a bitter brew, but it did not inspire bitterness or despair, and his poems with a marvelous economy told us the strengthening truth that we were very ordinary fellows whose only portion was the estate of man. Those of us who learned this young owe him much.

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A Letter from Housman

Although Housman's poems came as a discovery to us, many had known them since the first publication of *A Shropshire Lad* in 1896. Nor was their appeal in any way limited. Beverly Nichols tells of meeting a manufacturer of braces in Providence: "We sat in the same hotel while I informed him in general terms of the braces situation in Europe. He was not very interested until he learned from a chance remark that I wrote books. And then a light came into his eyes. He ran into the hall, got his bag and produced from a nest of braces a first edition of *A Shropshire Lad*, which he knew by heart. I have seldom heard poetry recited so beautifully."

II

SELDOM do the enthusiasms to which we give our hearts in undergraduate days stand the test of years. Housman's poems are as fresh and important to me as when I first read them. They still friend me as they may in the dark and cloudy day. Eventually, however, they did something else for me. Admiration for their author drew me to England and especially to Cambridge, loveliest of university towns. As Mr. Housman's letter implies, I never tried to see him, aware as I was of his distress when meeting strangers who talked of his poems. I knew he had once fled when a group of admiring ladies from Pittsburgh headed by Willa Cather called on him in his rooms in Trinity College to present him with a golden laurel wreath. They could only leave the wreath and file quietly out. But, returning each year to Cambridge and crossing the courts of Trinity to visit friends living in the college, I hoped I should one day catch a glimpse of him. I never did and am not like to now. A few anecdotes I did hear. A don of Clare told me that Housman often flew to France at the end of the term, there to spend his holiday. The restaurants of Paris knew him as a "learned and famous gourmet," and Grant Richards in his charming book *Author Hunting* recounts that Frederic, chef of the Tour d'Argent, invented *barbue à la Housman* in his honor. Housman liked good drink as well and has assured us that

Malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.

He once delighted a congenial dinner by commencing his speech with these words: "It is credibly reported that Wordsworth was once drunk and that Porson was once sober. A sounder scholar than Wordsworth and a better poet than Porson, I stand before you this evening betwixt and between." His tastes were so well known that a colleague at Trinity, when giving a literary dinner, served as a last course an old hat of Housman's, brought in with great ceremony on a large platter with a silver cover over it. The hospitable mistress of one of the most charming houses in Cambridge inveigled Housman to accept an invitation to lunch. Knowing his reputation as a gourmet, she did her best to provide food worthy of her famous guest. He alarmed her greatly, she told me, by remaining quite silent during the first part of the meal. Suddenly he said, "This fish is excellent." Toward the end he complimented her on the wine. Later he stood sipping his coffee with his back against the mantelpiece. When he had finished he made his third and last remark, "I always take a walk about this time," and hurried out.

Many poets have loved Cambridge; Trumpington belongs peculiarly to Chaucer, Grantchester and the river to Rupert Brooke, and now Trinity will always seem to be Housman's. There he lived the life of a professor of Latin in the university, editing his unequaled versions of Manilius, Juvenal, and Lucan. In the quiet fastness of those Trinity rooms, he wrote undying poetry. Like Charles Doughty, the habit of his privacy was confirmed at Cambridge. Housman's scholarly pursuits did not dim his ardor. The discipline of his occupation enabled him to express in faultless lyrics his love of nature, his preoccupation with beauty, his knowledge of the evanescence of all the hopes and fears of man. *Today the Roman and his trouble are ashes under Uricon*, he wrote in one of the most poignant of his poems. The source of his inspiration was the English countryside, and, as his presence drew me to Cambridge, his verse fired me with desire to see for myself the lands of which he wrote. With *A Shropshire Lad* in my hand I have sat on Bredon watching the colored countries unrolled at my feet; I have seen the shadow deepen on Wenlock Edge, seen the vane of Shrewsbury bright in the August sun, and tramped into Ludlow as evening fell. It is well that Housman chose Shropshire for his theme. It is still unspoiled rural England. The wayfarer feels the quality so instinct in his poems there. The Welsh mountains tower to the west in dark contrast. The Marches are quiet now, but they have known war.

INDEX

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Is God A Convenience?

To the Editor:

The article by Miss Buck ["God Becomes a Convenience," by Pearl S. Buck, September FORUM] evidently springs from a psychology of rebellion. As such, it is to be estimated as indicative of that interest in a highly individualistic conception of religion that appears among those who are detached from religious institutions and project the repudiation of their early experiences into social judgments.

No impartial student of western civilization, whether modern or of the past, is ignorant of ecclesiastical dogmatism and coercion. But such a student will not generalize this knowledge into a rhetorical description of a vast social movement. Nor will he be indifferent to social process and the constructive influence of a religion upon a civilization and personal morality. The effort of Christian people to prevent the dissolution of the home by religious sanctions, to protect immature minds — whether young or old — from moral exploitation by the stage and the moving picture, and to regulate the liquor traffic may not always have been intelligent, but such an effort can be called fascism only in a Pickwickian sense.

The article shows no discriminating acquaintance with the trends of church life. For those of us who have attempted to base our criticism of inherited Christianity upon scientific method and sociological valuation, its sweeping statements and forecasts seem akin to the estimates by communists of capitalism.

The last paragraph of the article gives what may be regarded as a fair description of the religious urge, but it neglects the place of any given religion as a form of social behavior. One must judge a religion objectively if one would be accurate, recognizing its influence for good as well as its embodiment of current practices for the rectification of which it may be an agent. And, after all, it is risky to treat religion absolutely as something apart from folks and even more so to treat organized religious activities as a camouflaged coercion like that of fascism and communism. One can be liberal in America today in religion as well as in politics. And we have Protestantism to thank for it.

SHAILER MATHEWS
Dean Emeritus
The Divinity School
The University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

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Our Rostrum

GOVERNMENT DEBT
To the Editor:

. . . . . .

I have read the articles ["Are We Going Broke?" a debate between H. Parker Willis and Robert H. Jackson, September FORUM] and I must admit that I am surprised at what appear to be some rather obvious inaccuracies in Mr. Willis' article. For instance, he says in his article: "In Secretary Morgenthau's annual statement, while he places the aggregate debt at $33,750,000,000, an increase of about $18,000,000,000 since President Roosevelt took office". . . . These figures are obviously wrong. Actual figures show that in March, 1933, when President Roosevelt took office, the gross debt was well above $20,000,000,000 (I do not recall the exact figure), which would show an increase of $13,000,000,000 or a difference of $5,000,000,000 compared to the figures of Professor Willis, which I should say is quite an item.

Mr. Willis also has included in the debt liability contingent liabilities of some $5,000,000,000 but does not offset that by any assets.

I was Deputy Governor of the Farm Credit Administration for two years, and behind the bonds guaranteed by the United States Government at that time there was the very best collateral in first mortgages on good farms. I believe this was also true of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. To have these assets worthless and a loss to the government would mean a complete economical collapse of the nature that we were headed for under President Hoover.

With our complicated credit system, I believe that it is obvious to the majority of people today that taxes in a period of declining national income are far more serious than taxes in a period of increasing national income. If the Hoover deflation had been allowed to run its course, very few taxes could have been collected. The fact that the Treasury reports a very large increase from every source shows that the tax structure at the present time is not too high.

In 1933, if a businessman had been told that he would be given the opportunity of turning over one third of his property to the government if the government would assure him the other two thirds, he would have accepted it with great pleasure. However, he has not been called upon to pay this price for the return of confidence and the increased values of his various securities.

The latest Treasury report indicates that the government deficit from now on will grow smaller and that the national income will increase in such proportion that it will not be long before the budget is balanced.

I regret that I have not the time to

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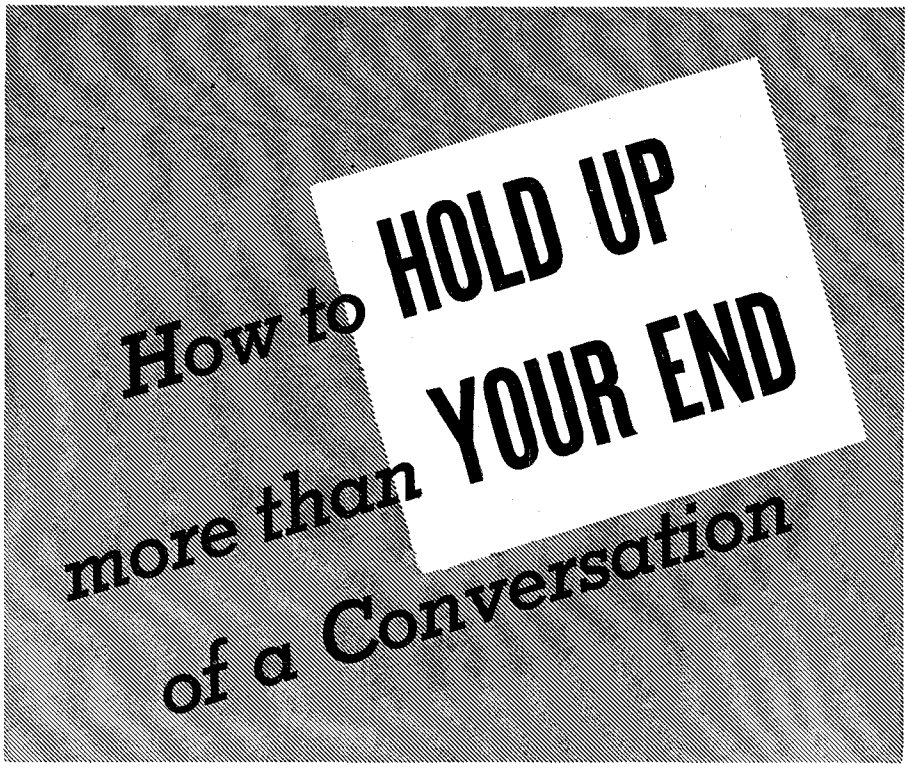

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Our Rostrum

discuss these two articles at great length, but in my opinion Mr. Jackson's article completely refutes the argument of Mr. Willis, and he is far more moderate in his claims than Mr. Willis.

W. Forbes Morgan
Treasurer
Democratic National Committee
New York, N. Y.

A Pharmacist Blames His Profession

To the Editor:

I have read with extreme interest and pleasure the well-written and to-the-point article, "Lo, the Poor Druggist!" by Louis Browdy [September Forum].

Personally I am convinced that no tears need be shed over his fate. He has brought it on himself.

As far back as I can recollect he was anything but professional — that is, most druggists in this country and in the cities particularly.

He would stoop to the giving of free toys and candies to induce purchases. The duties of the average registered pharmacist varied from filling prescriptions, waiting on trade, dishing out sodas, selling stamps, and answering and calling people to the telephone to running errands.

His hours and pay were rivaled only in the sweatshop.

During the war and Prohibition times when clerks were scarce — speakeasy pharmacists spread like mushrooms — his remuneration as a clerk improved somewhat but not at all in proportion to increases in pay elsewhere.

The general run of pharmacists are greedy, unscrupulous adulterants and chiselers on the means of livelihood of the ordinary merchant.

. . . . . .

Lest the public think that every pharmacy is filled with charlatans and swindlers, let me hasten to say that we have in this profession pharmacists who are as ethical and idealistic as the best in other fields. . . .

But they are few and far between. Most of them are pirates.

. . . I should say that a customer has a better chance of getting his prescription filled correctly in a chain or department store than in the average unethical drugstore.

. . . . . .

Managers in chain and department stores are held to strict account for what they do — but the average small unethical drugstore will fire any clerk who is too scrupulous to adulterate, substitute, or leave out expensive ingredients.

. . . . . .

Frank Berman, Ph.G.
Department of Hospitals
New York, N. Y.

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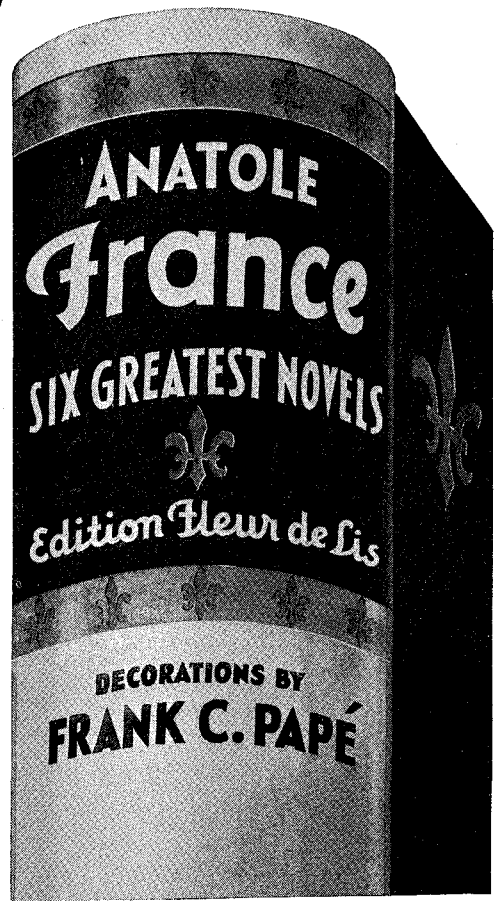

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TOASTS

CHARLES P. TAFT, an Ohio Republican, is a leading member of the younger and more liberal wing of that party. He is a graduate of Yale and a lawyer and he lives in Cincinnati.

HELEN PEAVY WASHBURN has told most of her life story in her article, "We Got Our Money's Worth." We might mention that she attended Cornell University and now lives in Ithaca, New York, where her husband is a professor at the University. She admits to having got her first rejection slip at the age of nine.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN is head of the department of social philosophy at Cooper Union, New York City. He has also lectured at many other colleges and universities and is the author of nine books on social science and psychology.

EARL BROWDER has been head of the Communist Party of America for some years. As the Party's 1936 candidate for president, he has been constantly in the news of late, his most recent exploit being a sojourn in jail in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on a charge — peculiar, to put it mildly! — of "vagrancy."

JOHN GORDON ROSS has been in politics in an eastern State for some years. He believes what he writes and hence must use a pseudonym.

BESSIE UPTON BROWN is the best Republican in the country, Candidate Landon not excepted. There was a slight delay in our office in getting out her check, and the Editor was in receipt of a frantic letter from Miss Brown, imploring him to send it immediately. No checks will be worth anything after November 3, she wrote, since all the banks will be closed again. Grass in the streets, too.

MARGARET WIDDEMER is Secretary of the Poetry Society of America and author of two volumes of verse. She is planning another this fall.

ROBERT WILBERFORCE is Director of the British Library of Information. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and got his intimate knowledge of the Vatican as attaché of His Majesty's Legation to the Holy See.

MARY M. COLUM, who has written this month the second of a new series of articles in her "Life and Literature" department, is living in Norwalk, Connecticut, and is busy writing free-lance criticism.

BERTRAM B. FOWLER, perhaps the most prominent journalist devoting his efforts to furthering the consumer-co-operative movement, spent the summer with a co-operative group in Maine.

JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS is living on a Vermont farm, having found that a remote, rural atmosphere is best suited to writing poetry.

JONAS ROSENFIELD, JR., a native of Dallas, Texas, graduated last June from the University of Miami, in Florida, where he studied for a time under Mary Colum.

PADRAIC COLUM, husband of THE FORUM's book critic, is the author of a number of volumes of verse.

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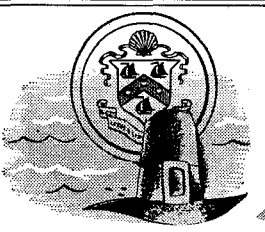

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